

# CHINA



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SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1956.

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## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### Time To Stop

MR Krishna Menon of India has told the United Nations Disarmament Commission that in his opinion no good reason exists for any further nuclear or atomic tests. And a lot of people will agree with him.

Between them, the United States, Russia and Britain have demonstrated to the world that they severally and jointly possess the weapons, as Mr Menon pungently expresses it, to "blow this planet to smithereens." What else can further tests prove?

Politicians, militarists and scientific specialists have their own particular way of viewing experiments in nuclear and atomic weapons and it differs vastly from the attitude of the ordinary little man who knows that he is the ultimate target for these dreadful eliminators of mankind. The man in the street is prepared to acknowledge that the explosions carried out to date have certainly demonstrated that the use of nuclear and atomic bombs in any future war means world annihilation; and he trusts the knowledge is sufficient to deter any nation from using such weapons.

But with this accomplished he finds it extremely difficult to understand the purpose of further tests, particularly as their effects are becoming exceedingly dangerous. If a plebsite of the world's population could be taken there is little doubt there would be an overwhelming vote in favour of the abolition of further tests.

The urge to continue with experimental explosions might be justified to some extent if their objective were to provide further data about the peaceful uses of nuclear and atomic energy. But virtually all those secrets are now known, and those that have still to be conquered can be done so in the laboratory.

Science has still a lot to learn about radiation effects, especially those of a long-term nature, and every test is exposing animal, vegetable and mineral life to additional and unnecessary hazards. Justification for further nuclear and atomic explosions is indeed hard to find.

### Disarmament Views

## STASSEN SEES NARROWING OF THE GAP

Washington, July 13. Mr Harold Stassen, President Eisenhower's adviser on disarmament, said today that the gap between the Soviet Union and the West on a disarmament programme had been narrowed a "small step" with yesterday's Soviet announcement about armed forces ceilings.

Mr Stassen told his conference: "I sense we are in the crucial year of negotiations in the control of armaments between the major nations of the world."

Mr Stassen said that he was meeting the press in accordance with the wishes of President Eisenhower with whom he conferred at Gettysburg yesterday morning on the question of world disarmament.

### THREE POINTS

Mr Stassen said that as a result of his conference with Mr Eisenhower he wished to present three points:

1. The United States is considering a further initiative it might take to improve the prospects of continuing peace, with special reference to the problems arising from modern armaments and the levels of armaments in the world today.
2. The United States was particularly considering what the development of the concept of partners in peace in the nuclear field is having on the world situation.
3. It continued to be the United States policy on reduction in the present level of armaments to include a sound inspection system which would be in the interests of the United States, the Soviet Union and the other nations of the world.

—Reuter.

### Plane Disaster

Fort Dix, N.J., July 13.

A Military Air Transport plane carrying 96 men crashed in a wooded area on this military reservation shortly after take-off tonight, killing at least 13 persons.

An Air Force spokesman said there were at least 35 casualties, presumably including dead and injured.

The plane, a military version of the DC-6, carrying only military personnel, crashed here after taking off from McGuire Air Force Base at Wrightstown, less than 10 miles away.

Air Force authorities said the cause of the crash was not yet known. The plane did not catch fire. —United Press.

## Seven Killed Aboard Red Airliner

### FLIGHT TO FREEDOM

Ingolstadt, Germany, July 13.

Eight desperate Hungarians took over a Communist airliner and fled to the West today after a bloody aerial gun battle in which seven persons were killed.

Two of those killed were Communist secret police. Five were passengers who resisted the seizure.

One wrested the controls from the pilot and brought the twin-engined Russian airliner down to a crude landing at an airport ten miles south of here.

German labourer Karl Meier was working on the Manchin airfield, 10 miles south of here, when the plane landed. He said the plane made "a sudden landing."

"The door burst open and a man covered with blood staggered out," Meier said. "His first words in broken German, were Bonn — Adenauer — Munich?" Meier said.

He said the man returned to the plane and the rest of the passengers, many of them with visible injuries and covered with blood, came out of the plane.

The American anti-Communist radio said the plane landed at an airfield 10 miles south of this Bavarian town.

### PILOT OVEPOWERED

Local police officials said the plane carried 15 passengers and five crew members. They said the craft was a twin-engined plane and landed at a small airfield at Manching, some 60 miles from the Czech border.

Radio Free Europe said the plane arrived at Manching after "half the passengers" overpowered the pilot on a regular run within Hungary and forced him to steer the plane to freedom.

Ingolstadt is near the spot where a Czech airliner landed several years ago after passengers forced the pilot to fly to the West.

Some of the passengers told police that they decided to turn the plane to the west while on a routine airline flight in Hungary. They said they overpowered the pilot but that other passengers who did not want to flee put up the resistance. The freedom-seeking Hungarians won and one of them took over the controls.

Their plan was to land in Munich but they picked the small airfield at Manching, 40 miles north of Munich and 10 miles south of Ingolstadt, instead.

Police did not know if any passengers were injured in the landing. The plane was not visibly damaged, police said. It was a two-engined plane of "non-Western" make. —United Press.

## MARILYN AND HUBBY LEAVE FOR LONDON

New York, July 13. Miss Marilyn Monroe and her author husband, Arthur Miller, took off today for London, where they both have work awaiting them.

At the airport to see the couple off were Mr Miller's parents, Mr and Mrs Isidore Miller, who stood quietly in the background during all the furore of the departure. —Reuter.

### Tunisian Talks Suspended

Paris, July 13.

Tunisia tonight suspended its negotiations with France in Paris, the Tunisian Embassy announced. Tunisian Vice-Premier Behi Ladgham said that in the present political climate, Tunisia could not continue with the negotiations, the Embassy reported.

Ladgham was quoted as saying that the Tunisian delegation reached its decision following the "un-

friendly" position taken by the French Council of the Republic and statements made before the National Assembly this week by the French Foreign Minister, Christian Pineau.

Ladgham made his statement after a talk with Alain Savary, Secretary of State at the French Foreign Ministry, in charge of Tunisian and Moroccan affairs. —France-Press.

## Communist Workers In Rebellion

Berlin, July 13.

Communist sources said today that workers throughout the Soviet zone have rebelled against an industrial speed-up that would cut their wages.

Radio Budapest said similar protests against a speed-up took place in Hungary's Matyas Rokosi steel works.

Otto Lehmann, secretary of the East German Trade Union Federation, said workers "re-jected" new production quotas calling for more work for less pay. In a move to appease the restive workers, the Communist union demanded the government to investigate the "damaging methods" of management.

It was just such a speed-up that led to the revolt in East Germany in June, 1953, and last month's Polish uprising in Poznan.

Although the government-sponsored East German union supported the objections of the workers, some observers believed the signs of unrest were growing beyond mere "protests" against working conditions and pay.

### "Not Understood"

The Communist party newspaper Neues Deutschland said that "enemy elements" in some factories "are spreading conceptions directed against the workers' interests." It said the Communist party's denunciation of Josef Stalin and the new liberal policy toward dissent "has not been understood by all workers."

"The enemy of our people is seeking with all means to slander the (Communist) party by making use of certain failures in our work. They want to confuse the masses and misuse them in the interests of monopoly capitalists and militarists," Neues Deutschland added.

Lehmann said in an article in the Trade Union newspaper Tribune that a speedup in violation of government, party and union directives was ordered in "some" government-owned factories.

### Workers Say No

"These actions have been rejected by the workers because they stand in contradiction to the workers' battle for higher production and to the policy of the government and party," he said. "It always has been stressed that work norms must not lead to wage cuts."

Lehmann said workers opposed the speed-up in Dresden freight car factory, in Dresden.

## China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the feature highlights of today's China Mail:

P. 5: China's power could drive U.S. and Russia together, by Rene Smith.

P. 6: No man, says Douglas Bader, should see himself as a hero in his own lifetime. And he refuses to attend the world premiere of "Reach for the sky." But Leonard Maltin disagrees with him. "My wife is stronger than a mule," says Dr. Milko Skofko alias Mr. Lollobrigida.

P. 7: Aldous Huxley continues his series: Brave new world revisited. William Hickey.

P. 8: The Valentino from Siberia, by Richard Kilian.

P. 13: Les Amours analysts why Eisenhower decided to run again.

P. 14: Cyril Stapleton's record column.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports roundup.

## CHALLENGE TO PORTUGUESE GOVT

Startling Opposition Manifesto

Lisbon, July 14.

After 28 years in power, Dr Oliveira Salazar's government is cracking.

Startled Portuguese opened their newspapers today to read an extract from a manifesto signed by 2,000 opposition politicians.

The terse extract demanded a political amnesty, freedom of thought and assembly, an end to government censorship, and the withdrawal of police ordinances restricting political activity.

Behind the announcement, which was published without comment or explanation, lies a smouldering volcano of opposition anger.

Three times in the last 10 years Salazar has appeared to be on the verge of lifting the repressive legislation which has stamped out political freedom. And each time he has wavered and returned to his policies. Now government sources admit that this opposition is finally too strong to crush.

### THE BIG FEAR

The opposition's strength does not lie in public dissatisfaction with the government's performance but in public fears about what will happen when the aging and ailing 67-year-old dictator dies.

Scholarly and ascetic Salazar has lived in virtual seclusion since his heart attack during the war.

He himself has obviously been concerned about the possibility of carrying on a stable government after his death.

Today the opposition seems to be united in its basic demands.

It is in fact most concerned with lifting restrictions on the Press.

Until these restrictions are lifted, the opposition will be unable to reach enough people to make itself felt effectively.

It may succeed. Dr Salazar has given in surprisingly easily in the first round. —London Express Service.



DR. SALAZAR

## MOROCCO SEEKS UN MEMBERSHIP

New York, July 13.

Morocco officially applied today for membership in the United Nations.

The application was made formally by the Foreign Minister in a letter to the Secretary-General, Mr Dag Hammarskjold.

Morocco attained its independence this year after an agreement ending French rule.

It is expected that the African group at the United Nations will examine the application first. The Council must first give its affirmative reply to the application before the General Assembly can elect a new member. —Reuter.

### EXPULSED

Sydney, July 13.

Clive Ewart, a member of the New South Wales State Government and brother of Labour Party leader, Dr Herbert Ewart, was expelled from the Labour Party today.

The Executive Committee of the New South Wales branch of the Party expelled Ewart for voting against the State Labour Government on several issues recently. —France-Press.

### Senate Approves

Washington, July 13.

The United States Senate Appropriations Committee today approved a sum of \$4,105,420,000 for foreign aid for the fiscal year 1956/57.

This figure represents an increase over the amount voted by the House of Representatives of about \$680,000,000. —France-Press.

### Gaza Strip Attack

Tel-Aviv, July 13.

An Israeli military spokesman said tonight that eight Egyptian infiltrators had attacked the Kissufin settlement near the Gaza strip on Friday. Colonel Nehemia Brach, the spokesman, said the firing was not returned and there were no casualties. —United Press.

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with Dieldrin

Good news! Shell Cockroach Killer now contains the amazing new Shell Insecticide DIELDRIN.

As a result, it kills quicker, and goes on killing longer than anything you've known before. Spray or brush it on walls and woodwork; spray it under sinks and stoves, in cupboards and drawers. World health experts have already proved DIELDRIN's amazing efficacy, because it is the most effective and safe insecticide known today.

Ask for Shell Cockroach Killer at your usual store.



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# NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

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## GRAND OPENING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

### THE BUGLE BLAST THAT ECHOED THROUGH HISTORY!

EDMUND G. RAINGER presents

## GREAT DAY IN THE MORNING



from the best-seller that thrilled America!

\*\*\*\*\*

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.

NEW YORK: United Artists Colour Cartoons

GREAT WORLD: Walt Disney Technicolor Cartoons

## KING'S PRINCESS

COMMENCING TO-DAY



EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

KING'S at 11.30 a.m.

Silvana Mangano in  
"WITH A SONG IN MY HEART"

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.

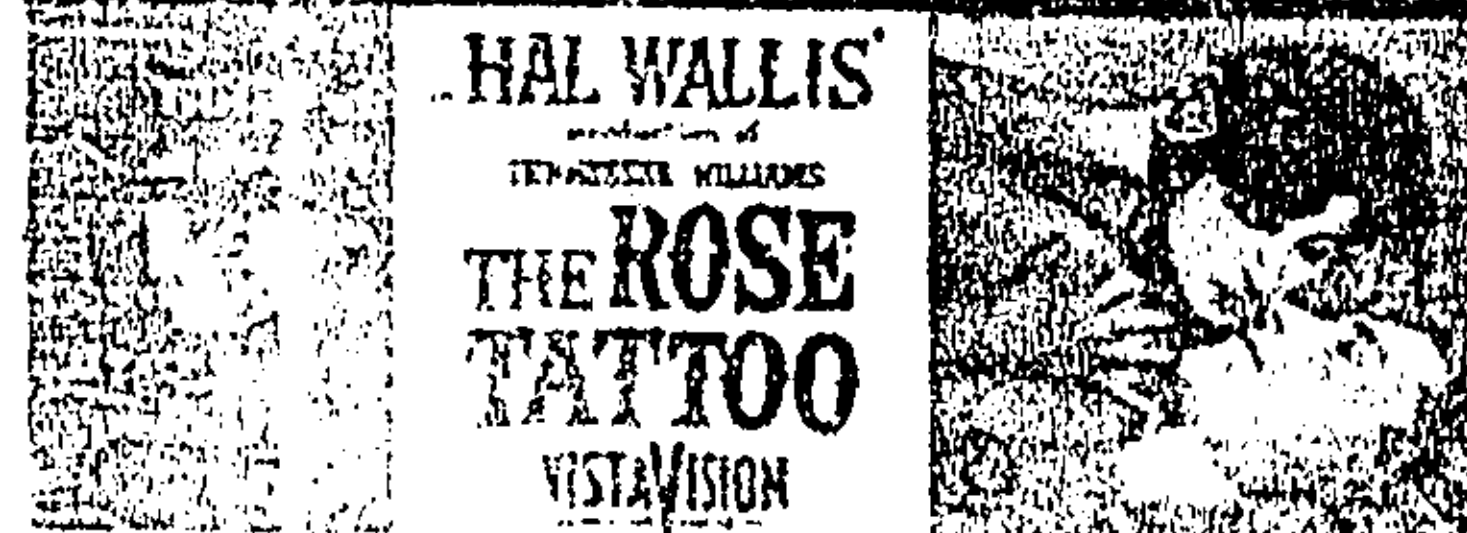
VARIETY PROGRAMME OF  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
Presented by U.I.

## CAPITOL RITZ

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

MAGNANI, BEST ACTRESS OF THE YEAR—N.Y. Film Critics Award

## BURTON AND ANNA MAGNANI



SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

James Mason in

Van Hoff in

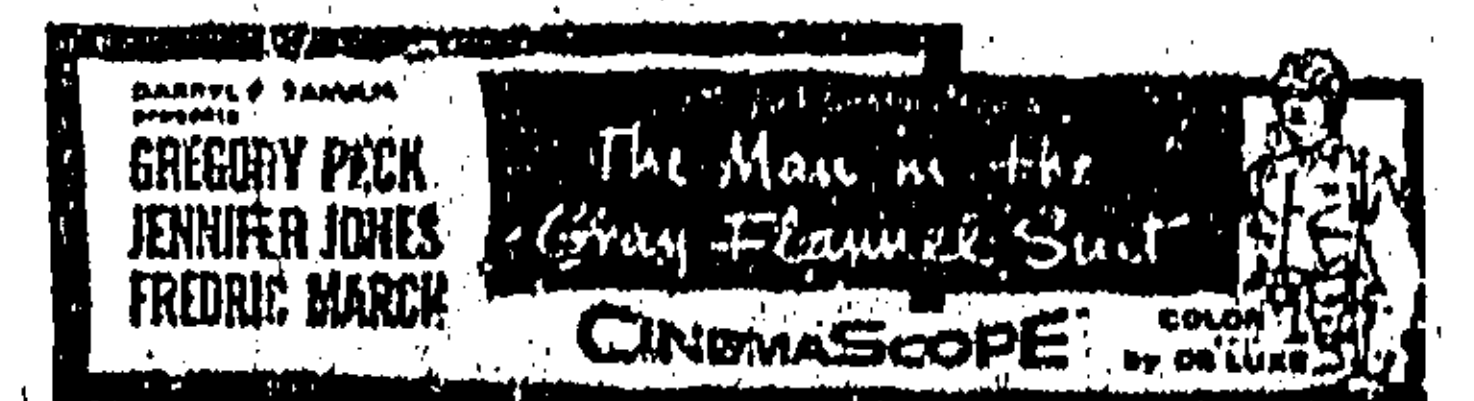
"A STAR IS BORN"

"BATTLE CRY"

in CinemaScope

## ROXY BROADWAY

2nd Big Week! Now Showing the 9th Day!

3 SHOWS DAILY At 2.30, 6.00 & 9.00 p.m.  
AT ORDINARY PRICES!

Complimentary Tickets are not valid for this picture

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4 SHOWS TO-MORROW

EXTRA PERFORMANCE ROXY: At 11.45 a.m.  
BROADWAY: At 11.30 a.m.

# FILMS

## Current & Coming

### BY JANE ROBERTS

## New Films

### At A Glance

#### SHOWING

**HOOVER AND LIBERTY:** "Forever Darling", Lucille Ball, Debralee, James Mason.

**KING'S and PRINCESS:** "Every Day's a Holiday", Light comedy, Sophia Loren, Silvana Mangano.

**NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD:** "Great Day in the Morning", American Civil War period piece, Robert Stack, Virginia Mayo.

**QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA:** "The Lone Ranger", Western, Clayton Moore, Jay Silverheels.

**ROXY and BROADWAY:** "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit", Human interest story, Gregory Peck, Fredric March, Jennifer Jones.

#### COMING

**HOOVER and LIBERTY:** 19th to 25th inclusive, Seven M-G-M hits of recent years. For details see main article. "Ransom", Search for a kidnapped child, Glenn Ford, Donna Reed, Leslie Nielsen.

**KING'S and PRINCESS:** "Whodunnit", Comedy thriller, Benny Hill, Belinda Lee, "Tarantula", Horror film, John Agar, Mara Corday.

**NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD:** "A Town Like Alice", About women POW under the Japanese, Peter Finch, Virginia McKenna.

**QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA:** "The Vanishing Prairie", A Walt Disney feature.

**ROXY and BROADWAY:** "The Revolt of Mamie Slevin", A girl in love with money, Jane Russell, Richard Egan.

Four of the intensely human stories that go to make up Giuseppe Marotta's book "L'Orro di Napoli" have been adapted for the screen and given the title "Every Day's a Holiday".

The "Gold of Naples" was named by the author, to refer to the joy of living of the Neapolitan people and of the 30 stories in the book, the four used in "Every Day's a Holiday" could be said to be most representative of the spirit of the city.

The first episode stars Italy's most famous comedian—Totò. The role is very much like those played by Fernandel and, on a lower plane, by Norman Wisdom. It glorifies the everlasting little man, who, tormented and exploited by a badly, nevertheless turns the tables on him and triumphs.

A second episode, one of the best of the series, among actors and producers in Italy, is "Every Day's a Holiday". It is a comedy of the title and is in reality a rather pathetic has-been, who is pumpling with the son of his porter, as his wife will not allow him the funds to run a fashionable club. The money lies in the fact that the wife has been a very early divorcee, despising him for his persistence in believing that he can change.

The third episode, which is a comedy of the title and is in reality a rather pathetic has-been, who is pumpling with the son of his porter, as his wife will not allow him the funds to run a fashionable club. The money lies in the fact that the wife has been a very early divorcee, despising him for his persistence in believing that he can change.

Melancholy Mangano is succeeded by the very Sophia Loren and the fourth and last episode, which is a comedy of the title and is in reality a rather pathetic has-been, who is pumpling with the son of his porter, as his wife will not allow him the funds to run a fashionable club. The money lies in the fact that the wife has been a very early divorcee, despising him for his persistence in believing that he can change.

Silvana Mangano's husband, John De Laurentis, produced the picture and Vittorio De Sica directed.

### Frontier Tale

"Great Day in the Morning" takes place just as the American Civil War is about to break out and feeling is running high between Northern and Southern sympathisers.

The political tension is, however, only a peg on which to hang the exploits of a gambler, some pretty dressed women and some lively shooting.

Robert Stack is the good gambler, perennial villain Raymond Burr the bully. Both in and out of their clothes (Virginia Mayo takes one of those confined baths in an old tin tub that are so useful for displaying the charms of the heroine), Ruth Roman and Virginia Mayo add glamour to this frontier tale and Alex Nicol waves the Yankee flag with enthusiasm.

The film has been adapted from what I believe was a best-seller in America. The author is Robert Hardy Andrews.

### A Good Film

"The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit" is one of the best films, looked at from an all round point of view, that I have seen in Hongkong for some time.

Two slight criticisms are that it goes on too long and that the title lacks punch. Hongkong audiences seem to have shown enough intelligence to ignore the first fault and ignore the lack of appeal of the title however, for the picture has had a success as unexpected as the failure of many better publicised films.

The excessive sentimentality that I feared might overtake the movement of the tale did not materialise and the domestic difficulties of both the sailor and landlady executives were realistically handled.

The better played, by Gregory Peck, in this role has the most pressing problems. His wife, though attractive and understanding, shows signs of becoming a bit of a nag and even though he realises that

## New Films

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his own indecisiveness, contrasted with the drive he used to possess, is the goal, he feels that her sympathy can't be stretched to include the illegitimate child and mistress he has left behind in Italy.

Also pecking away at his peace of mind is the fact that his right to the house left to him by his grandmother is being contested by the scheming old family retainer. This small part is excellently played by Joseph Sweeney and there's another cameo performance by Lee J. Cobb as the small town judge whose shared common sense is brought to bear on the case.

The problems of his employer, Fredric March, are deeper and more far reaching however. Like so many intensely ambitious men, he has allowed his work to absorb more and more of his time over the years, until he has become a complete stranger to his daughter and no more than a seldom seen friend to his wife. This is no new situation, but Fredric March makes of the man such an understandable character that the gradual cannibalisation of his private by his public life really does seem to have been the result of many years insidious nibbling, instead of the fast accomplishment with which we are so often confronted and asked to accept without sufficient support.

I particularly liked one scene between Fredric March and his spoiled, peculiarly bored daughter. He has received a distraught telephone call from his wife, whom he hasn't seen for some time, telling him that she is extremely worried about the company in which their 18-year-old daughter spends most of her time.

Belatedly he realises that to gratify the girl's every monetary wish without giving her any fatherly guidance is in his employee's words, "like giving a gun to a baby" and he asks her to come to see him.

The interview is a failure from start to finish and one of the most poignant moments of the film comes when he realises that none of his intelligently worded advice can possibly bridge the gap between them.

From Jennifer Jones too comes a good performance. The part is exactly right for her and in spite of Maria Pavan's growing talent as an actress Jennifer Jones' competence obscures any comparison between the two.

The amount of attention that has gone into perfecting the

execution of even the smallest parts is one of the secrets of the success of this picture. It's well worth a visit.

### Lone Ranger

"The Lone Ranger" is one of those heroes who delights the hearts of small boys (unless they have become addicted to the space ship vagabond) by appearing in the nick of time whenever the situation on the wild frontier has got out of hand and putting it right with a long look from his steel grey eyes.



"The Lone Ranger" with Silver.

Space travel doesn't seem to have caught on in the particular part of the world where I live. In fact during the last few years, before I turn into the entrance to my flat I am automatically ordered to "stick up" so many times that I think the Queen's cinema is guaranteed at least one full house from my neighbourhood alone.

The Lone Ranger himself, with said steel grey eyes dramatically framed by a black mask, is played by Clayton Moore, the Indian chum Tonto by Jay Silverheels and Silver himself by a lovely white fellow with flowing mane who presumably answers to the name of "Silver" in real life.

Better known on the screen than the hero, is the villain—Lyle Bettger—although the name of the Lone Ranger himself is a household word to most Americans. The show has been on the radio continuously since 1932 and since being televised for the first time in 1949 has gained an even greater popularity. The programme lays claim to being the oldest continuous half-hour show in American radio.

### M-G-M Reissues

In case M-G-M have included one of their favourites among the reissues they are bringing back for the week starting on July 19, here is the order in which they will be shown—one a day:

"Scaramouche", "The Yearling", "The Three Musketeers", "The Wizard of Oz", "King Solomon's Mines", "An American in Paris", "Annie Get Your Gun".

These films will be shown at the Hoover and Liberty theatres and will be followed, on July 26, by the Glenn Ford film about the kidnapping of a young boy—"Ransom".

### Sword-play

To refresh your memory—"Scaramouche" stars Stewart Granger, Eleanor Parker, and James Leigh in a swashbuckler based on a story by Rafael Sabatini. In it, Nina Foch plays Marie Antoinette, and Mel

Ferrer crosses swords with Granger.

The plot is as complicated as most swashbucklers require and the inevitable sword fight takes place in a theatre with Ferrer and Granger leaping from Box to Box hucking at each other with gay abandon.

Gregory Peck, Jane Wyman and young Claude Jarman have the leading parts in "The Yearling" which is a warm and kindly story about a boy's love of animals.

Aetion is the theme of "The Three Musketeers". It's one of the more recent adaptations of Dumas' famous story and was filmed in Technicolor. Lana Turner is once again a French beauty and with her is June Allyson. Van Heflin and Gene Kelly are also in "The Three Musketeers".

"The Wizard of Oz" is one of the classics of the screen and brings back a youthful Judy Garland singing the unforgettable "Over the Rainbow". It also has in it a host of other well known screen personalities, among whom are Frank Morgan, Bert Lahr, Ray Bolger, and Billie Burke. Judy's trip to the mythical land of Oz is a picture for the whole family.

Another famous book was adapted for the screen version of "King Solomon's Mines". It has Stewart Granger as the white hunter, Alan Quartermain, and Lezard Kari for romantic interest. She and her brother, Richard Carlson, are in darkest Africa to find her husband, dead or alive. He, in turn, had been, when last seen, according to King Solomon's diamond mine, "An American in Paris" is a very good musical in which Gene Kelly is the American and Leslie Caron the part of Paris that keeps him there.

### 10-minute Ballet

For laughs there's Oscar Levant and for songs, George Gershwin.

The climax is a ten-minute ballet in which Gene Kelly dances through a Paris of plects by the brushes of various famous artists. Although the story is as slender as most musicals, the direction, dancing and songs quite outweigh the disadvantage.

The week of past hits closes with "Annie Get Your Gun" in which the irrepressible Betty Hutton plays the part of Annie Oakley and Howard Keel that of her husband Frank E. Butler. There's to be a mystery show on Wednesday July 18 at 9.30 p.m., but no amount of wheeling will get the title out of our general Mr. P.M. M.G.M.'s manager here, so I'm unable to shed any light on it.

### Whodunnit

Benny Hill, who is a well-known face on British television screens, features in "Whodunnit".

It's one of those crazy murder comedies in which the hero commits every foolish act in the gag writers' book, yet finishes with the girl in his arms and the villains behind bars. The girl in the case is Belinda Lee who has graduated from being one of J. Arthur Rank's starlets to the full binze of publicity granted a fully fledged star.

Now that Diana Dors has gone to America perhaps she will take the Dors place as Queen of British Glamour, in spite of her much publicised ban on "cheese-cakes" photographs.

## HOOVER LIBERTY

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### TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.



WITH PERSPECTA STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND

SUNDAY MATINEE: REDUCED ADMISSION

HOOVER 11.30 a.m. LIBERTY 12 noon

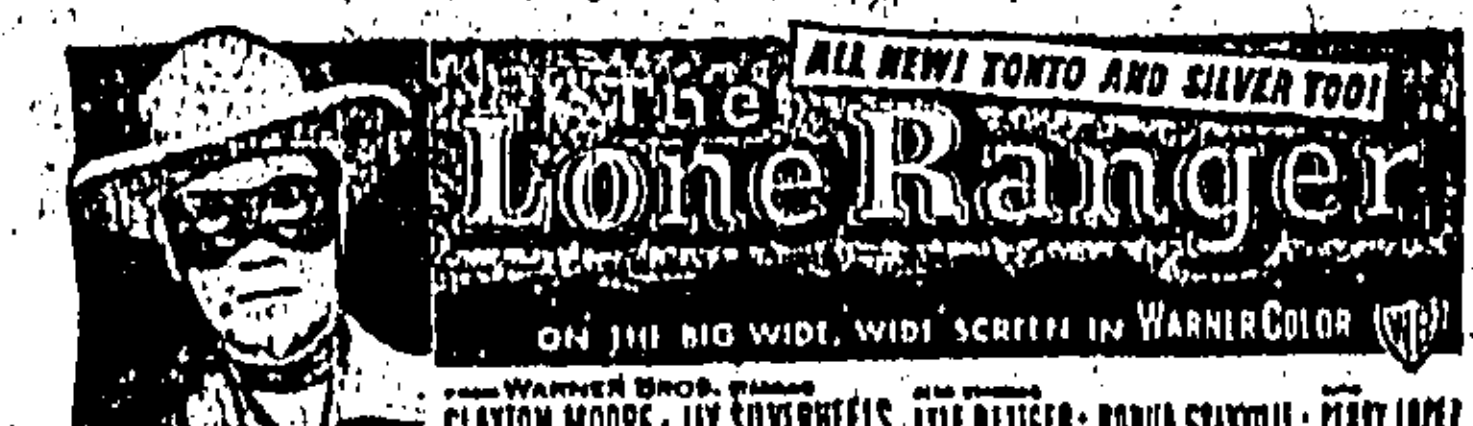
"THE MINIVER STORY"

Greer GARSON &amp; Walter PIDGEON

## QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.15, 7.40 & 9.50 p.m. 12.30, 2.30, 5.30 & 9.30 p.m.

### SHOWING TO-DAY



### QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

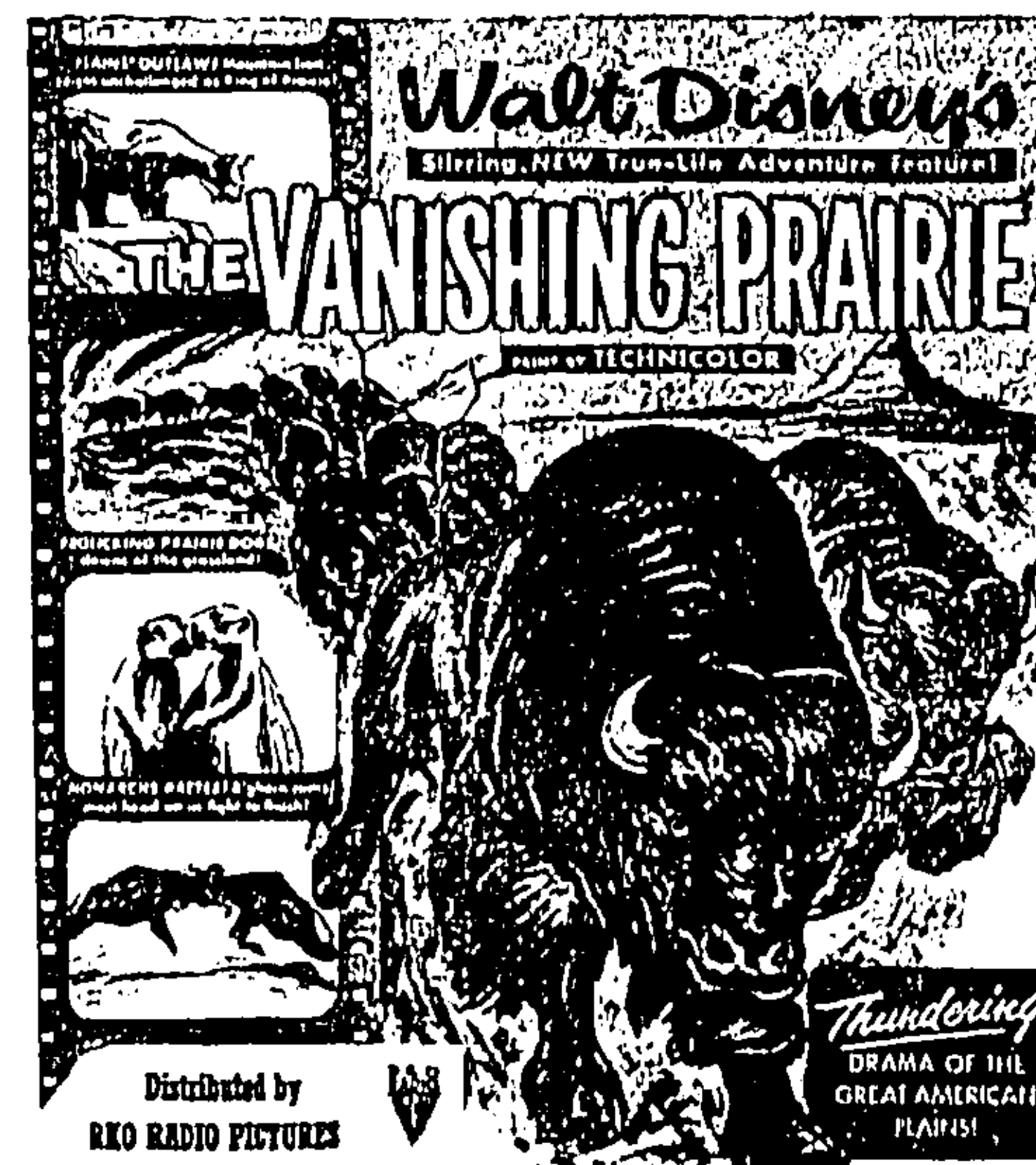
5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

## QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA EMPIRE

AIR-CONDITIONED

### WATCH FOR IT!!

BIGGER AND BETTER  
THAN  
"THE LIVING DESERT"

ADDED! Walt Disney's Technicolor People and Places Series... "SIAM"

## LEE Theatre

4 SHOWS TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

### LIN DAI in

## "THE RESULT OF VANITY"

A Chinese Picture — Dialogue in Mandarin

Admissions: \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 &amp; \$3.00

\*\*\*\*\*

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 11.30 A.M.

## "PINOCCHIO"

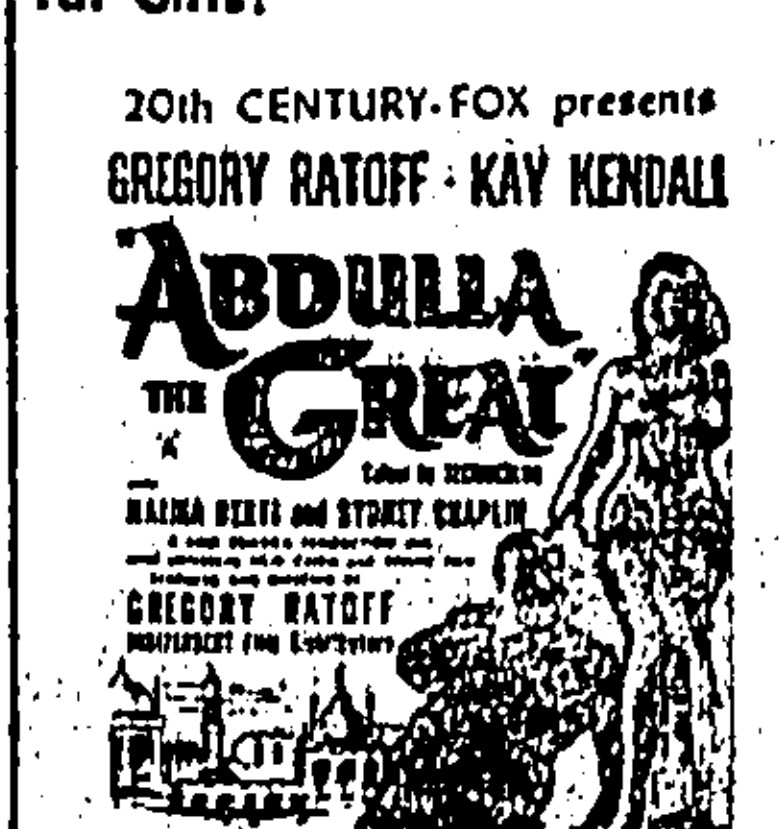
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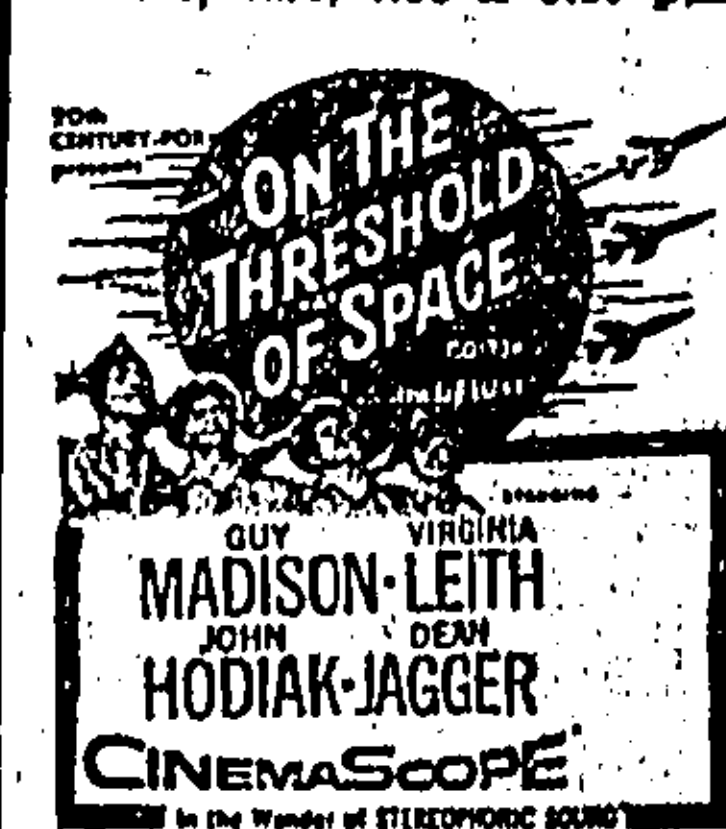
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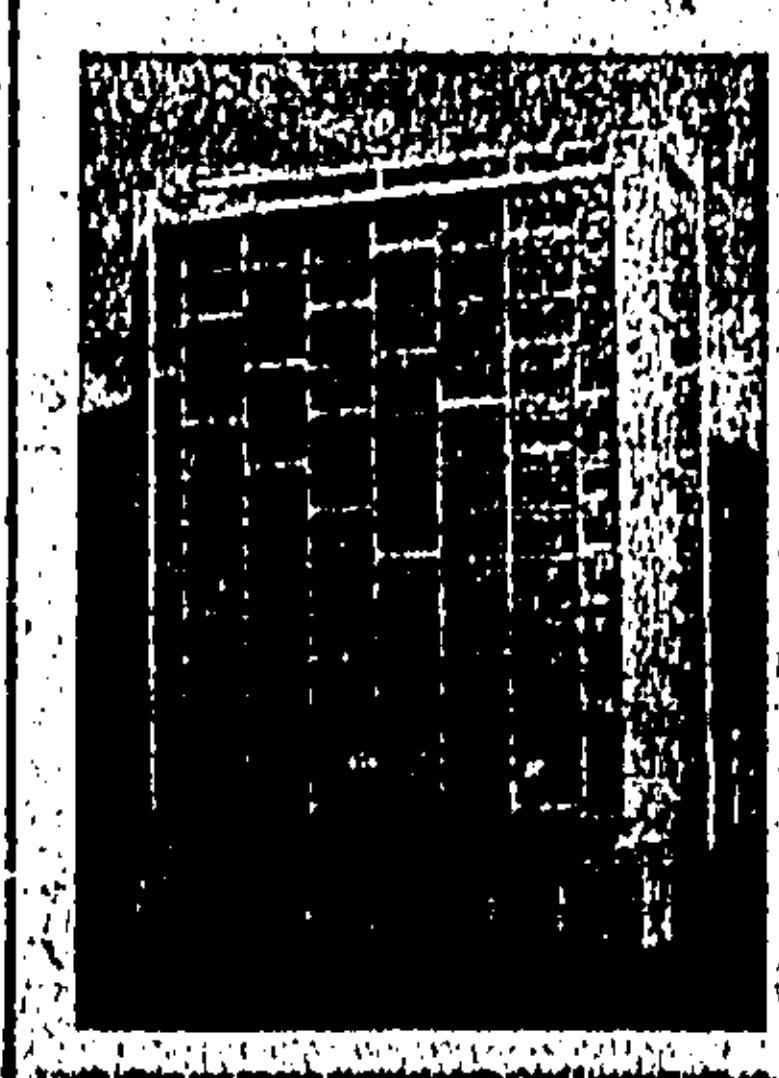


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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

# U.S. AIRLINE WILL BUY COMETS

## De H May Take Gamble

### MORE ORDERS EXPECTED

by T. F. THOMPSON

London. CAPITAL AIRLINES of America has, I understand, decided to buy Comet IV jetliners instead of turbo-prop Britannias.

The decision, the first of its kind since the 1945 Comet disaster, was taken on technical grounds.

Mr. "Slim" Carmichael, president of Capital, and his experts surveyed the field of new aircraft both here and in America, and decided the Comet was best.

De Havilland have offered a delivery date of 1958—at least two years before Capital could get a medium jetliner in the United States.

This will give the American airline an "edge" on competitors who decided to buy the same product.

Up to 30

On the strength of the Capital Airlines decision Mr. A.F. Burke, new managing director of the De Havilland Aircraft Company, is prepared to take a financial gamble.

He will lay down a second production line on the assumption that more orders will now definitely come in.

Capital's first order will be for up to ten Comets, but provision will be made for buying up to 30.

The Capital order will not affect delivery of BOAC's 10 Comet IVs which are urgently needed on Empire routes.

The lift that the order will give De Havilland may result earlier than planned.

With the Comet, Capital will be the first domestic airline to introduce jet travel—just as it introduced turbo-prop travel with the British built Viscount.

One Snag

The one possible snag is that the American authorities might refuse a certificate of airworthiness to the Comet because the engines are buried in the wings.

The U.S. design philosophy is that it is better to "hang" the engines on pods beneath the wings. But presumably Mr. Carmichael has made pretty sure that a certificate would be obtainable.

Then Comes

This News:

## BOAC TO BUY U.S. JETS

London. BOAC have told Mr. Harold Watkinson, the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, that they want to order between 15 and 20 giant American jetliners.

They will cost between \$80,000,000 and 100,000,000—an expenditure so vast that the decision will have to be taken by the Cabinet.

The disturbing facts behind the corporation's decision to buy

American have convinced him that nothing less than the State airline's survival is linked up with the purchase of the right aircraft at the right time.

Opposition will probably come from De Havilland and Handley Page Ltd—the two British aircraft manufacturers who have offered BOAC a jetliner to fill the requirements.

A senior executive of a Commonwealth airline told me recently: "If BOAC are not allowed to have a fair number of big American jets, they will go bankrupt."

## EFFEL TOWER SWAYS IN THE WIND...

Paris. The 984-foot Eiffel Tower wobbles, according to a report from Paris.

Experts estimate that the top moves as much as seven inches in a high wind.

But there is little danger of the tower falling down.

Like-bulldozer, Alexander Gustave Eiffel, claimed it could stand a wind-force six times greater than any tornado recorded up to that time.

Ironically, the construction of a third lift which is being considered will take as long as the two years it took Eiffel to build the entire tower for the 1889 Paris exhibition.—United Press.

### Uplifting



New York.

Charged with malediction mischief after he had exploded two sticks of dynamite at a political rally in Anderson, South Carolina, ex-convict Andes ("Tootsie") Wood explained to the police:

"I did it just to liven up the meeting a bit. I couldn't see who was talking from where I was."

## Birds Force Down Six Planes

Brisbane.

Birds over North Queensland outback airfields are causing serious air-safety problems.

In the last few weeks the birds have caused more than six air accidents.

Last week a kite hawk smashed through the windshield of a Trans-Australia Airlines DC-3 airliner at Cloncurry airport, causing an emergency landing.

A galeah stopped the engine of a French plane near Longreach by flying into its intake.

A curlew sucked into a jet motor caused a Canberra bomber to crash-land during a night take-off from Gairbutt airbase (Townsville).

Hawks again

A hawk crashing into the nose of another Canberra, caused a forced landing at Charleville Airport.

A hawk brought down an RAAF photographic survey Mosquito at Charleville.

The Acting Director of the Civil Aviation Department in Queensland, Mr. E. Huntley Fry, said: "These birds are a menace and we admit we just haven't got the answer."

Ouch: It Hurts!

Doncaster.

Village postman Richard Lyon has a red and black beard and a sign pinned to his chest which says "this beard is real. Please do not pull it."

"It's irascible," said housewife Dorothy Cryer.

"I'm tired of finishing a day's work with an aching chin," said Lyon.—United Press.



## ETON HEAD BANS COFFEE CAFE

### Were The Boys Flirting?

ETON'S 1,186 college boys have been banned from an Espresso coffee bar in the town by headmaster Mr Robert Birley.

And the reason, cafe proprietor Mr Jimmy Cecil said, is "the six pretty girls behind the counter."

Said the tall 43-year-old ex-pig farmer: "It is said the boys were flirting with them."

The cafe, the Coffee Cantata—in the narrow High Street—has wood panelling, tomato red and cream walls, soft lighting. Mr Cecil smiled at one of his six pretty girls—16-year-old Jill Waters, of Gloucester Place, Windsor.

"You see how very attractive! But the college boys came here for other things. They

watched television in the afternoon."

Now the embarrassed boys keep a stiff upper lip as they swing together down the High Street and pass the "Coffee Cantata."

Didn't Bach write a "Coffee Cantata"? Yes, and the words go like this:

You stubborn child, you wicked girl, Oh, when shall I have my way?

Give up coffee!

The cantata is the theme song of the Espresso bar.

The owner, Mr Jimmy Cecil, 43, who opened the ultra-modern cafe seven months ago, said last week: "The Eton head, Mr Robert Birley, asked me to see him, told me my place was being put out of bounds, and, although he phrased it very diplomatically, indicated that there had been some flirting going on."

"Only normal"

"But the boys have got to be in school for the night by 6.30, and as the pretty girls involved, all of them part-timers, don't come in until 6.30, there can hardly be much time for carrying on. The Eton boys are normal and healthy and you can't stop them eyeing pretty girls, can you?"

One 18-year-old said: "Well, we're all rather baffled by the ban. We used to crowd the place to watch TV, eat, and listen to classical and jazz records."

The cantata has the last word: "Oh, how sweetly tastes the coffee, more lovely than a thousand kisses."

What can we do if we can't Cantata? A couple of Eton boys appear to be at a loose end as they pass the banned coffee bar on the other side of the street.

## A No-Nonsense Driver Whose Cab Is His Pulpit

Sydney.

THERE is a taxi-driver in Sydney who—speaking quite seriously—describes his cab as "better than any pulpit."

Owner-driver Jack Sloan, well known in the Salvation Army as Envoy Sloan, regards his taxi as "a sort of proving ground" for his religious principles.

"I don't carbash anyone," he said, "but I often find that a passenger is only too eager to listen to a kindly word of advice."

"Hardly a day passes without somebody, as they get out of the cab, asking me to say a little prayer for them."

Said Sloan, 60-year-old Envoy Sloan, officer-in-charge of Salvation Army activities in the St. Peter's district, runs the city taxi T4427.

"I used to be a chronic alcoholic, and at that a bad drunk—always looking for a brawl," he said.

"The Salvation Army picked me up out of the gutter—I'm speaking literally—some 30 years ago."

"Now, as a taxi-driver, I see plenty of sights to remind me of my own past weaknesses."

## REDS SANG: GOD SAVE YOUR GRACIOUS QUEEN

London.

150 burly Red Army privates sang "God Save Your Gracious Queen," to a startled first night audience of Londoners.

The chunky Russians, sweating in full dress uniform under the Empress Hall's bare lights, ended the anthem with "Long may she reign over you, God save your Queen."

Before the audience had time to chuckle, the Russians, up to now at attention, expanded their chests, hooked thumbs in belts, and roared the anthem of the U.S.S.R.

FIRST VISIT

Then they began their three-hour concert.

The Soviet Army group was on its first visit outside the Iron Curtain after 20 years of touring in Russia, Communist China, Manchuria and the Soviet bloc.

The troop consists of privates, three N.C.O.s and one colonel.

The troop's glamour boy is 25-year-old Muscovite Artur Elzner, a bass baritone with a heroic stage manner, a heavy sense of humour and a budding double chin.

OH NIET JOHN

He sings the "Volga Boatmen" with molot eyes and "Loch Lomond" with a puzzled frown.

His best effort is "No John," which seems to please everyone onstage mightily.

The funniest moment of the evening is when a pudgy tenor attempts "Green Grow The Rushes Oh" in a Russian-Scottish accent.

## £11 Painting Worth 1½d —Munnings

London.

COMMERCIAL artist Stanley Froude spotted what he thought was an early Sir Alfred Munnings painting at a Bury St Edmunds auction sale.

His wife bought it for £11. It was a Munnings. Under the picture mount they found his signature and the date—1899. And it's worth... 1½d.

Who says so? Sir Alfred Munnings himself. At his home in Dedham, at Cheltenham, he remembered painting the picture of a young girl in a garden.

"I painted it in my teens—it's just a little wash, drawing like a poster. I should say £11 was a terrific price to give," he said.

But Mrs Froude doesn't think so. She has hung it in the living-room of her Ingham, Suffolk, home.

"Whatever Sir Alfred may say I consider my Munnings a real bargain," she told me. "I wouldn't think of parting with it—not even for £100."

## SCENE IN CHURCH MADE BRIDEGROOM TURN PALE

Milan.

Eraldo Selvatico, 28, was just on the point of saying "I do" to his bride when a woman in tears rushed up to the altar with a baby in her arms and said:

"Here, this is your child, take it with you on your honeymoon."

Selvatico, whose name means "untamed," turned deathly pale. His parents and the relatives of Lilliana Fontana, the 24-year-old bride, started a rumpus that threatened to wreck the little village church at nearby Macerato.

Carabinieri (federal police), rushed in to halt the uproar. They persuaded the tearful interloper to leave the church, still clutching her baby girl.

The wedding went ahead as scheduled.

In the confusion nobody asked the mystery woman with the baby what her name was. Police declined to reveal it.—United Press.

## 12-YEAR-OLD FORGOT ABOUT BRAKE

Turin.

It looked as if a bomb had exploded but it was only a 12-year-old at the wheel of a heavy truck.

Young Luigi Binello, who wants to be a truck driver, thought he had the chance of his life when he found an unguarded truck recently.

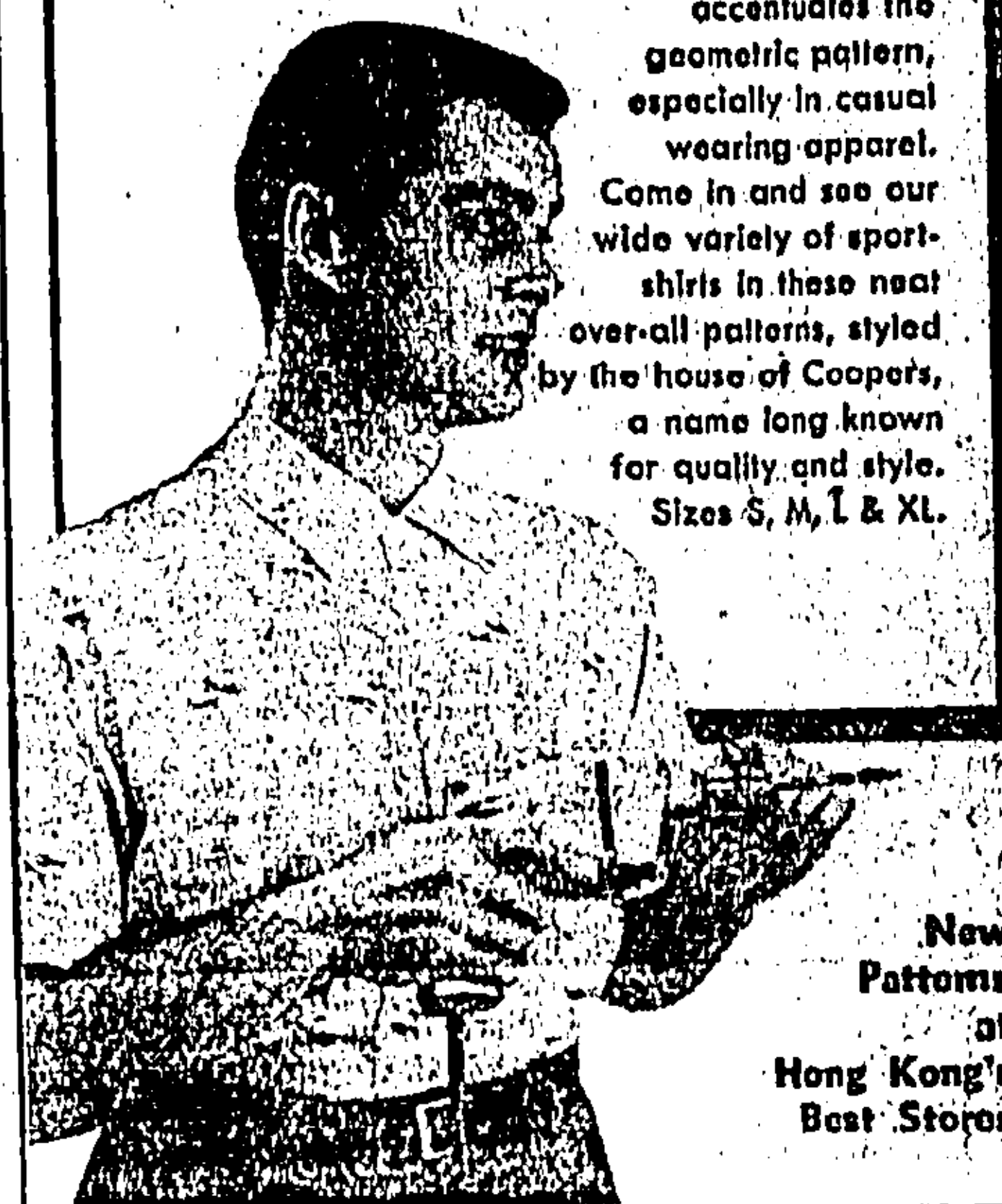
He had no trouble starting it, but he was not so sure how it could be stopped. He succeeded in grinding to a halt eventually after (1) hitting a parked Fiat car (2) driving the truck on a sidewalk.

No one was injured.—United Press.

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## "WHO DONE IT?"

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# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



BRITAIN'S bookmakers have been in the news lately because, following several gang fights, it was reported that gangs were receiving money from bookies, who would otherwise have their racecourse pitches broken up. Picture above, taken at Brighton, shows bookie Benny Yossell at work. Readers of Graham Greene's "Brighton Rock" will recall the scene. (Express)



RESCUE kbs delayed — by 16 years. On June 16, 1940, when the troopship Lancastria, packed with fugitives from the advancing German armies, was bombed off St Nazaire, the youngest survivor was Jacqueline Tillyer. Petty Officer Frank Clements got her and her mother aboard a rescue ship. They did not meet until recently, when he got his kiss from Jacqueline, now an attractive 18. (Express)



THE Duke of Edinburgh, competing in a yachting regatta at Rothsay, Scotland, saw four boats in collision. One, between a fishing boat and a launch, caused the side of the launch to be ripped open. It sank. The Duke came fourth in his yacht Bluebottle in a three-hour Dragon Class race. (Express)



FIVE thousand Polish exiles knelt in prayer in London on Sunday for the victims of the Poznan riots. Seen leaving Brompton Oratory are, from left, Count Edward Racynski, a Poznan man and former Ambassador to London, General Wladyslaw Anders, wartime commander of the Free Polish Army, and Dr Zbigniew Stypulkowski, former Polish underground worker. (Express)



FORMER U.S. President Harry Truman shaking hands with actor-playwright Peter Ustinov after watching him perform in his play "Romanoff and Juliet" in London. In centre is Mrs Truman. (Express)



MRS Nigel Goalen, formerly Barbara Goalen, London's leading model, gives a word of motherly advice to her daughter Sarah, 13, who last week was herself modelling at the London Royal College of Art. (Express)



THE world's richest girl, Barbara Hutton (Baroness von Cramm), relaxes at the Ritz Hotel, London, where she is staying incognito on her first visit to Britain for five years. (Express)



REUNITED in London after 15 years. Romauld Kazimierzczuk, 26 (left), a member of a Polish archery team competing at Windsor, was helped to safety by Free Poles and is claiming political asylum. He is with his brother and mother whom he has not seen since 1941. (Express)

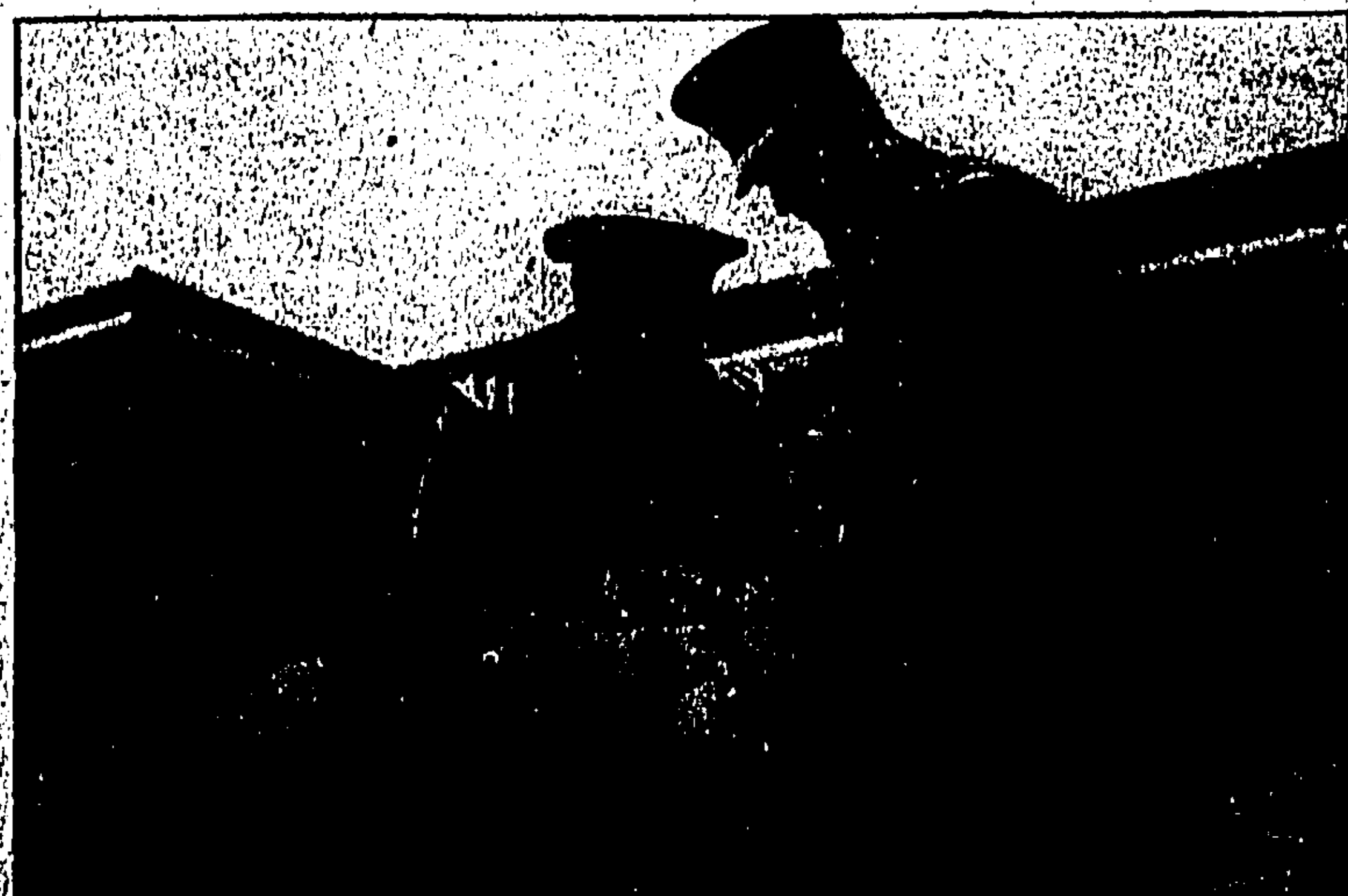
BELOW: Signing on their latest mascot, Taffy, at the London Zoo are two soldiers from the 1st Battalion, The Welch Regiment. It is the eleventh in a long line of Taffys. (Express)



LONDON artist Ulrica Forbes is disillusioned—few have visited her exhibition of 46 drawings since it opened six weeks ago at a city gallery. She has eight portraits of Princess Anne on show. She is thinking of taking the exhibition abroad. (Express)



BELOW: The blind girl who has been given a full-time job at a farm in Flushinghurst, Kent. Guided by her collie, Laddie, she does milking, scrubbing and other chores. Her name—Nina Barrett, aged 27. (Express)



## NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



## ROWNTREES





## The Man Who Took Me To Dinner IN MOSCOW

It was reported that one of the six British girls now back from modelling in Moscow "had dated with a charming young Russian." Tell me all about it, asked a reporter. And this is all about it...

By ANN SOUTH

DINNER on the Moscow River, dancing under the Moscow sky, and the company of young Russians—that is the evening I shall remember more than any other from my three weeks in Moscow.

Georgi, one Russia's young authors, invited me for that unforgettable date in the Russian capital. It was my first unchaperoned, unsupervised meeting with young Russian people.

We met at a party. We were introduced—and I found Georgi spoke fluent English. We got on well, the 34-year-old Russian and I. So he suggested another meeting—so he could introduce the girl friend of whom he was so proud.

He brought her along to my hotel a few days later, and presented her: "Svetlana, my girl, the loveliest girl in the Soviet Union."

And when he took me out to dinner it was this burning pride that made the evening. His enthusiasm for showing the best, his exuberance for the everyday things in his life, his eagerness to please—and his unbounding energy, which seized in every muscle of his aesthetic face.

Georgi had ordered the meal at Moscow's exclusive—indeed glamorous—open-air restaurant on the riverside, the Volga. He produced each dish with a



ANN SOUTH

flourish of his hand and a sparkle in his eye—a ring-master showing his star turn.

There was borsch with cream, sturgeon in onion sauce, Russian pancakes stuffed with meat, creamy giteous—washed down with vodka and shiveritz.

He watched me closely as I tasted each dish. Immediately he asked: "Do you like it?" I assured him—yes, wonderful. "Are you sure?" he persisted. "Yes, really," I told him. And his elation was something akin to triumph.

When the meal was over, although I could hardly move, Georgi insisted on whisking me off to dance. Dance! It was more like a march of the gladiators. With the hearty pom-pomming of the all-male band and the energetic stomping of Georgi I felt like a wet rag when it was over.

But I was happy and elated—the enthusiasm of Georgi was infectious.

And I was really sorry when the party broke up at 1 a.m. We drove back through the wide, now deserted, streets of Moscow to my hotel.

And that was the last I saw of Georgi.

## AN INTERRUPTION



"My Grandma says hang everybody"

SYDNEY

SMITH : : :

JUST BACK

FROM RUSSIA : : :



—AND RENE

MACCOLL : : :

JUST BACK

FROM CHINA : : :



—AGREE ON

A STARTLING

POLITICAL

PREDICTION

# We believe that one day China's power could drive the U.S. and Russia together

## PROLOGUE

By Donald Comery

In a soundproof room two men met this week to discuss the post-Poznan pattern of world power.

Rene MacColl and Sydney Smith, two of the world's most travelled foreign correspondents.

MacColl is just back from a tour of Red China, Smith is just back from Russia.

Both MacColl and Smith know both countries well. MacColl has been three times to postwar Russia; twice to China. Smith was in China in 1949 when the Communists took over.

I was the third man in that room. I had a tape recorder to take down every word they said.

★ ★ ★

And in the wealth of discussion that took place between MacColl and Smith in that soundproof room, one observation—a challenging theory—sank deep into my mind. It was made by

MacColl. And I think that Sydney Smith agreed broadly when MacColl said:—

"I think that if we can stagger along through the next 20 years without a third world war, at the end of that 20 years China will be approaching a thousand million population, and there is a very good chance that the United States and Russia—aghast at the spectre of this great country—will be thrust into one another's arms."

"Then, with Russia and the United States on one side, and China on the other, we will achieve a massive balance of power which may give the world peace for hundreds of years."

On this astounding prediction I questioned both MacColl and Smith closely. They said:—

## QUESTION ONE

HOW CAN you argue that theory seriously when China is so far behind America and Russia in technical things?

MacColl: I put this forward as a serious possibility as a result of what I saw in China.

Whatever one may think about Communism, there is no doubt in my mind that China has undergone a transformation—and that others are coming.

The country has immense force, drive, discipline. The country is desperately anxious to learn, to forge ahead.

China is under the direction of clever and competent men. I consider that China is the country of the future—now on the march.

## QUESTION TWO

SUPPOSING China were to develop as fast as that, what would be the sort of thing which might "throw a spanner in the works" as regards world peace?

MacColl: The immediate, short-term possibility—which has been simmering through the past few years—is war with the U.S.A. over Formosa. But Chou En-lai has recently stressed a markedly conciliatory line on Formosa.

More dangerous is the possibility that, driven by an enormous increase in her population or for some other reason, China may seek to occupy India, Indonesia and Burma.

SMITH: Moscow is not leaving the Chinese or anyone else in any doubt that the double-neutralism of Nehru is regarded by the Communist Party Central Committee as a powerful counterbalance to expansive political ambitions by Peking.

If China were to try to take over India through Siam and Burma, for that is the way it would come... it would be the end of the Peking-Moscow alliance.

It would be the beginning of an open ideological war between the Soviets and China for all Asia.

## QUESTION THREE

BUT DO YOU think that any immediate assault on the peace is likely?

MacColl: No. I shall go out on a limb and say that I consider, as the result of my recent visit to China, that the Communist Government of Mao Tse-tung is honestly anxious for peace in the next 20 years.

China has a colossal task ahead of her—internally. She is simultaneously tackling a whole line of problems any one of which needs all her attention and every ounce of effort from her population.

SMITH: Take a strong traditional sense of nationalism, add to it a powerful sense of pride of property that goes with a vast series of development and construction plans, and add again a fierce ambition for world economic domination, and an appreciation of her own untapped resources, and it is easy to understand why Russia does not want war.

Well, now, or for many years to come, would defeat her plans for the more subtle but equally dangerous political and economic penetration of the non-socialist world.

## QUESTION FOUR

WELL, what do you think will be the effect of the growing importance of Asia on Russia's European satellites and Western Europe?

MacColl: Even if the Russian satellites remain faithfully in the Russian orbit—something which seems questionable just now—there can be no doubt that they will be profoundly and increasingly affected by the advance of China.

In Peking I saw a stream of "delegations" from the "Popular Peoples' Democracies" of Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania, East Germany, and so on. Some of these groups were on business, others were sightseers; but all were "being given the works."

China is setting about influencing Europe, through key groups of European nationals, in an all-out, systematic way.

SMITH: I found in Moscow that the massive and endless Chinese delegations coming in from China are in no way given any importance or priority over the European satellite delegations. The satellites are still top with the Kremlin because they are Russia's front line to the West.

## QUESTION FIVE

HOW LONG do you think it will take for China to reach the point where America and Russia will agree to bury the hatchet and team up together to offset the strength of the new Oriental colossus?

MacColl: Although China is just starting on her great new path to strength and a position as a world Power, I personally consider that she can achieve really startling advances in the next two decades.

Mao is a master of mass psychology. His hard-working people, 600 million strong, are responding with a will.

SMITH: Because it can come in 20 years, I saw Russia wading no time already in opening the way to trade, economic and cultural alliance with the West—above all with America. That is why the Kremlin's daily theme song is "peaceful co-existence."

Both satellite and Western diplomats, Russians too, told me in Moscow that the Kremlin is looking hopefully towards American friendship as a counterbalance to the awakening forces in Asia.

(Continued)

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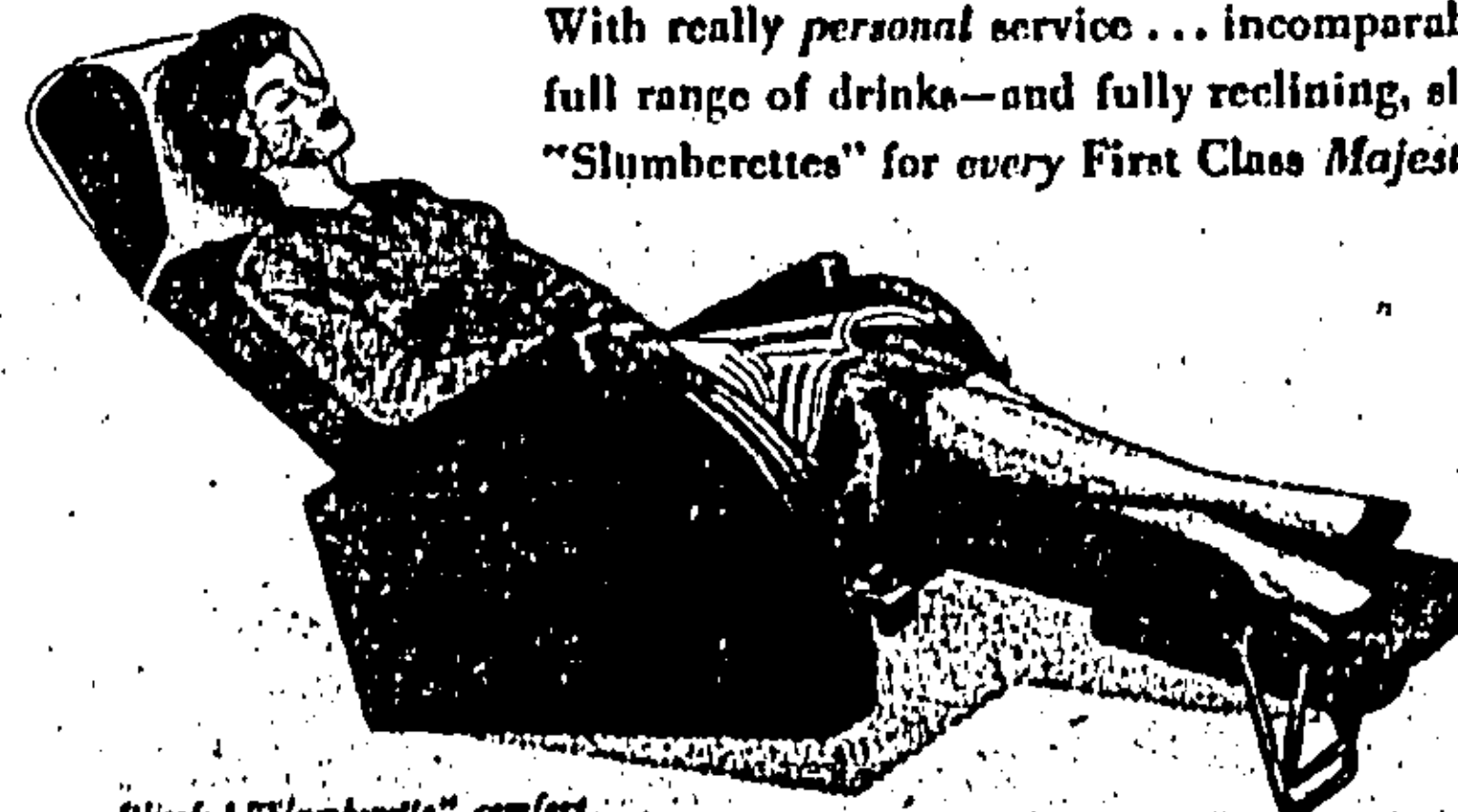
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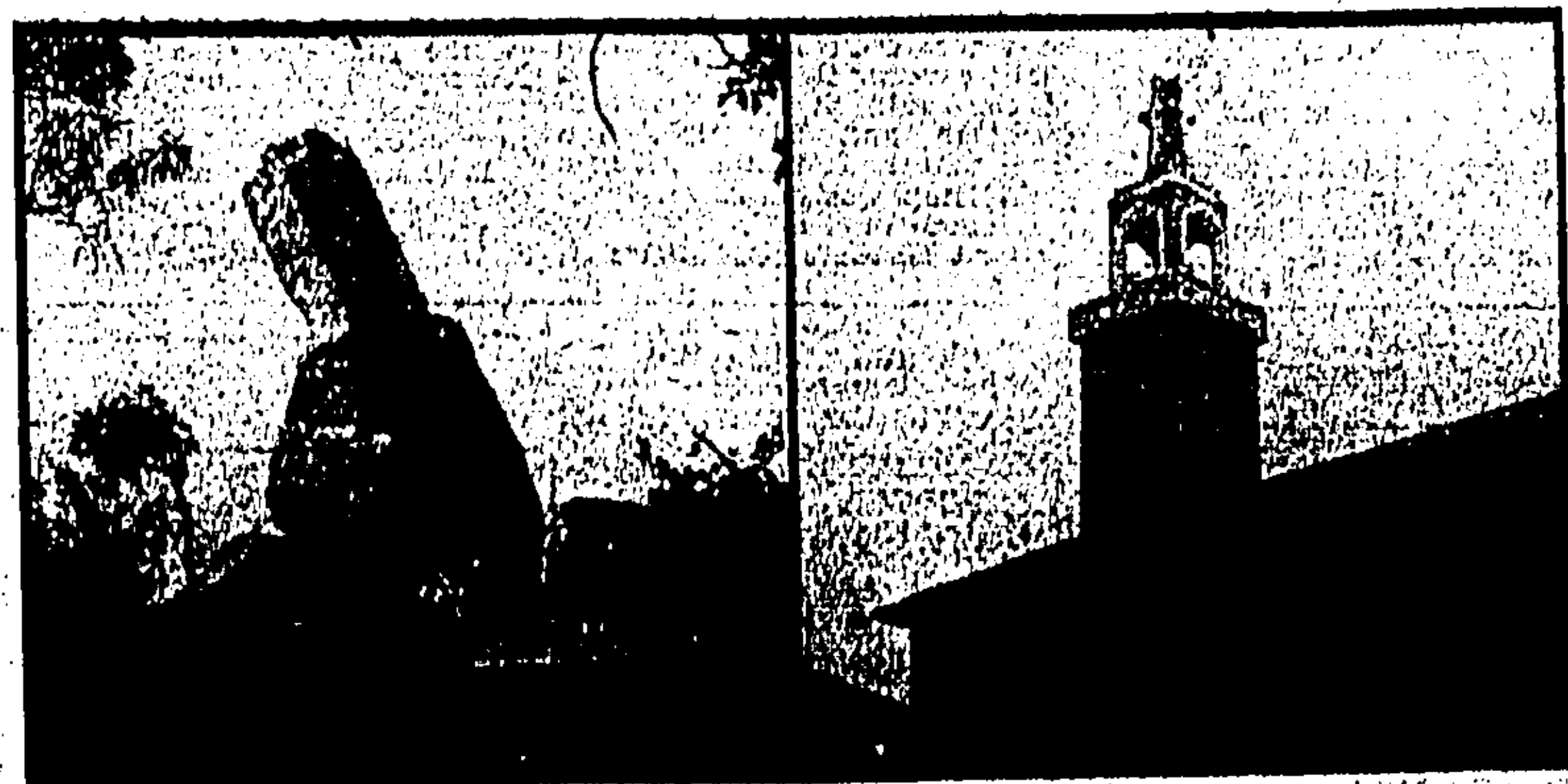
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**KNOW YOUR HONGKONG?** The pile on the left is known as "Lovers' Rock", and many young couples go there to profess their love. The Chinese name is "Yan-Yuen Shok". Can you tell where it is? On the right is a very modern church. Do you know the name? (Answers on Page 20).



# MY WIFE IS STRONGER THAN A MULE

says MISTER LOLLO

"YOU'LL never do it, dear," I was warned when I set off to try to interview Dr Skofic, better known as Mr Lollobrigida. "After all, there is Lollobrigida in the way. Why don't you pick on someone your own size—if you're going to kidnap a husband?"

by ANNE SHARPLEY

Lollo appeared, snow-clad in organdie except for those fabulous melting eyes and the photographers went into their ritual dance. Mr Lollo was difficult to spot behind his wife as everything about him was dark—hair, eyes and sun-tanned skin. Fighting my way past the photographers, I invited Lollo's husband into a corner.

## Tuned in

He came like a lamb—this man they said never left his wife for a second. I was under-estimating Doctor Milko Skofic, for no sooner were we in our dark corner than he switched on his remote control mechanism and was obviously thoroughly tuned in to what

was going on where his wife was in the thick of camera-fire and questioning.

Mr Lollo was not really with me. His handsome eyes kept flicking over to his wife as though they were operated by clockwork. One ear seemed to be working independently, picking up the wavelengths from across the room.

Otherwise we were having a very nice cosy chat. "You know we're both experts on Lollobrigida, my wife and I," he told me. "We know exactly what sort of films she should appear in. What sort of words she should say. What clothes she should wear. Even the music, too. I used to study the piano for nine years, so I know very well what the music should be like."

"We have very much experience in this and so we help the directors who do not understand how my wife should be filmed."

"The film we are working on now in Paris is, excuse me to say it, the hell." His charming smile of apology made most of the screen charmers I've met seem garillas. "We keep on making recording after recording and still we are not happy."

## One boss

In the Lollo Advisory Board (two members) there is clearly one boss: Mr Lollo. That elegantly dishevelled upper lip had a way of clamping down that reminded me of a safe door swinging shut.

"But always she wants to be too good. She is never satisfied with herself. I have to force her to do things which she considers are not yet perfect. There is not always time for perfection. I have to tell her. For this picture we are making now she has a dance invented for her by Leonide Massine, and every evening for weeks now she has been rehearsing it for two hours after her film."

"Then it's lucky for her that she married a doctor," I supplied.

## Remote force

"Oh, she never needs a doctor, she is stronger than a mule," he said, his eyes probing at the group of men around the world's prettiest mule, until by some remote force of his own he managed to make a gap in the wall of backs. Lollo's grave brown eyes spotted him,

switched on and shot a message into the dark corner. He received her loud and clear and looked happy. "Well, then, a bodyguard," I suggested, as the wall of backs closed again. "Oh, she never needs a bodyguard," he said, re-charged. "She is the sort of beauty that inspires respect."

## Her admirers

"She is not just sex appeal like some actresses who get their dresses torn by crowds of men," (we both knew of whom he was thinking). "They respect her and women like her. So many of her admirers are women, you know."

"Why is that?" I asked. The thought of Lollo as a woman's woman seemed very original indeed. "Because of her sweetness and goodness. They love her because she is a real wife. Because her home is her life. That dress she is wearing—she made it herself," he said proudly. If all else fails Lollo will certainly be able to turn her hand to dressmaking—and the thought was clearly comforting.

"I am sure she is somebody special. Really an exception. I know so many girls but she is not like them. She is like a pianoforte with all the right keys—she cannot make a wrong note."

## Brightly

"You said you knew so many girls," I said, picking up a cue brightly and ignoring the pianoforte stuff. "The arrow-straight nose, with the dimple set in the lip, quivered slightly."

"We are an exclusive business, my wife and me. We don't bother with other people. It is just right. It gives us both a good feeling to know we trust one another completely."

"What about the good-looking actors she stars with?" Dr Skofic couldn't have looked more unconcerned. "They rave about her before they make the film together. Then they play opposite her and she is such a good actress now that they become jealous of her professionally. And the big sympathy is over," he said, spreading his arms just the width of Burt Lancaster's shoulders and giving a big shrug.

## Shadow-wise

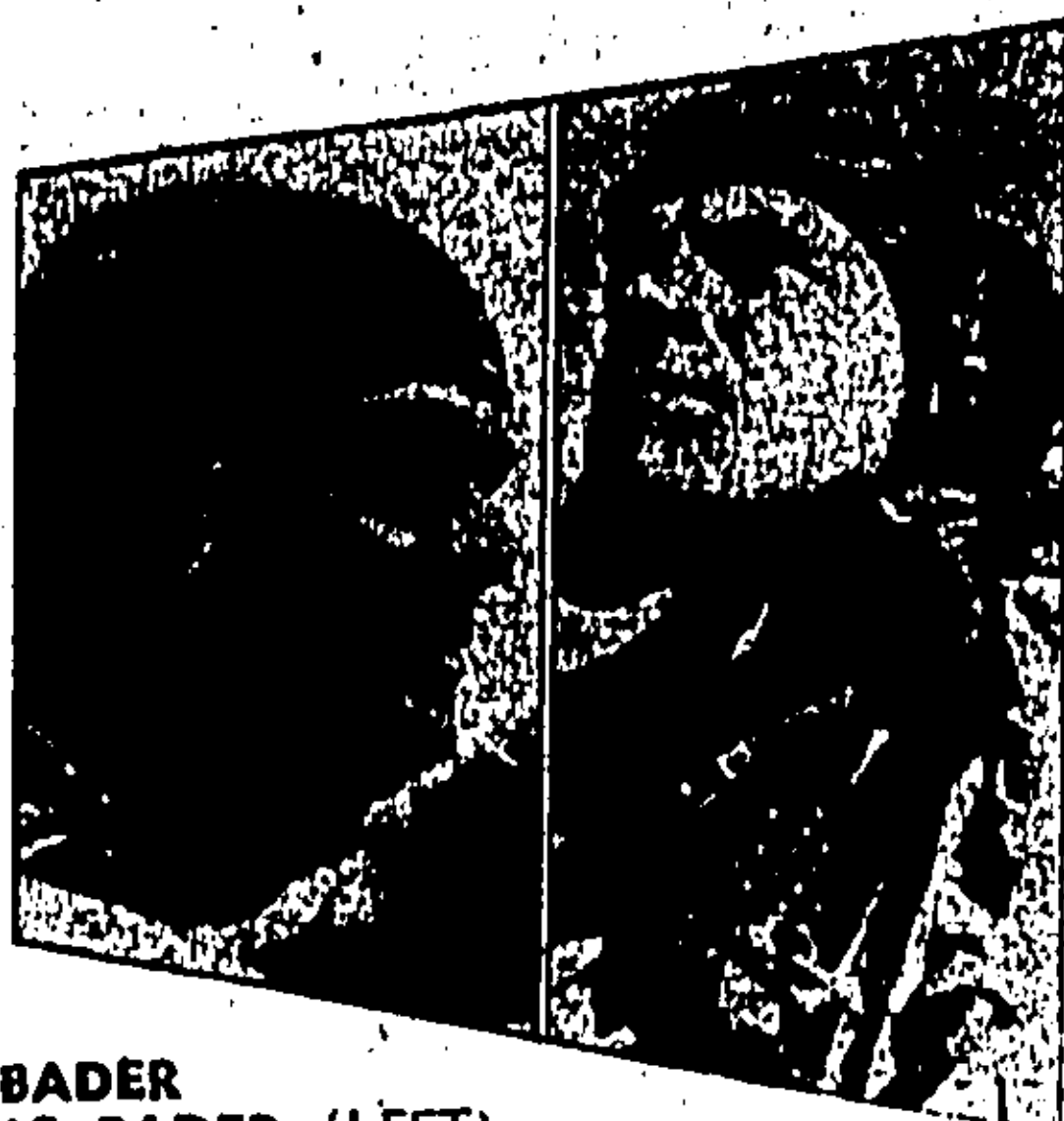
The conference was over. They were carrying away the dead photographers.

Dr Skofic slid shadow-wise from the corner and took up his position by his wife's comely elbow.

"What's he like as a husband?" I challenged the wondrous Italian. "He's the best husband I know," she said in French. "Jolly good," I answered, not in French.

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\*Sophia Loren.



BADER AS BADER (LEFT) AND KENNETH MORE AS BADER (RIGHT)

IF it were the world premiere of a film about your life—including all the intimate details—at a great cinema tonight, would you go to see it?

Or would fear—fear of seeing yourself in a mirror, fear of finding out how other people see you—keep you away?

It is a problem that a famous man faced the other day.

His name is Douglas Bader.

They made a film about his fantastic, incredible, heart-swelling heroism. But when they sent two tickets to Douglas Bader inviting him to be guest of honour at the premiere, he sent them back. Why?

I tried to ask him, but Douglas Bader was "not available." He had climbed into a car and headed north on a fishing holiday.

To the producer of his film, Major Daniel Angell, he tried to explain his reluctance by saying: "No man should look at himself on the screen as a hero in his lifetime. I don't think I could stand it."

To the audiences he has said: "I should feel embarrassed,

## I DON'T AGREE... BY LEONARD MOSLEY

sitting among my old flying comrades, and seeing them make such a hero of me up there on the screen."

And to Kenneth More, the man who portrays him in his film life-story, Bader said:—

"The only thing that interests me in this film is whether, after it has been shown, I can still look my old comrades in the eye."

## SUSPICION

WELL, let me answer that last problem for Group Captain Douglas Bader. I have already seen his new film and I can tell him that he can look at his old friends without a blink. He need fear neither their ridicule nor their irritation. They will undoubtedly give him their congratulations.

"Reach for the Sky" is the kind of film which divests an honest critic of his defences and makes him feel silly, inadequate, humble.

Like Bader himself (though for more impersonal reasons) I

sat down to watch this film with a horrid feeling that I wasn't going to like it. But long before the two hours and 10 minutes which it runs were over, my built-in prejudices and scepticisms had crumbled like sand-castles before the tide.

Well, it is part of the mechanism of a good critic to be suspicious, particularly of public heroes. And such a hero as Douglas Bader there has never been before.

In the pre-war days of the R.A.F. he was a gallant, cool-looking, fearless (not to say boastfully reckless) pluck-up boy of the air arm. He was the best aerobatics at those famous Hendon air shows. He piled up his plane showing how daring he could be, and both his legs had to be amputated. But did this stop him?

He was invalided out of the R.A.F., but learned to walk on "tin legs" and became an expert golfer. He wanted his way back into Fighter Command and turned out to be one of its most brilliant aces.

He was shot down and made four escape attempts.

Now this is wonderful, but his critic is going to accept a character like Bader on the screen as a human being. He is a phenomenon. Or a monument to the inherent gallantry and indomitability of the Briton.

But who can possibly go to see a film about such an absurdly and exaggeratedly gallant man, and expect to find him made of human gristle, bone, and spirit—flesh and blood like you and me?

## LOVABLE

It says a lot for "Reach for the Sky" and particularly for Kenneth More (who plays Bader) that I found myself forgetting my prejudices and preconceptions, and not only liking but loving Bader as he is portrayed in the film.

If ever there has been a sympathetic and understanding study of a complicated, remarkable, exasperating, infuriating and yet lovable man... well this is it.

"Reach for the Sky" is the life story of a brave man as only the British could tell it. It underplays from start to finish. It uses the Battle of Britain as a throwaway line. It looks at the pain of the human body and the agony of the human spirit, and apologises for intruding.

It is never sensational. It is rarely over-dramatic, except in its surgical and flying sequences.

But it touches the heart and it makes you chuckle. It brings Bader alive; before he was a monument to human indestructibility; this film makes him into an indestructible human being.

It also lifts such players as Kenneth More, Dorothy Allison, Muriel Pavlow and Sydney Tafler right to the top.

Douglas Bader should not be afraid of seeing himself on the screen. The picture in the cinematic mirror is just firm, sympathetic, and intensely human. It neither foreshortens him nor elongates him, but presents a portrait strictly from life.

He deserves to see himself on the screen. For they have done him, and his wartime comrades, proud.

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One Of The World's Strangest Stories

# THE HELL-FIRE CLUB

By Ivor Herbert

COME with me, then, unless you fear the dark. But there can be more to darkness, my friend, than day's simple departing, the unfurling of natural night. The heart can be black, the spirit blacker. Hell is dark, my friend, and the Devil is worshipped and God profaned in the Black Mass.

We need not, you and I, journey as far down history's long tunnel as the Middle Ages, nor travel to the heart of Africa to seek the scene of these flesh-creeping orgies. They are regular events not 200 years ago not 35 miles from London.

## A Prime Minister

Nor were their practitioners in the light of their normal life—savages, criminals, or lunatics. The membership of The Knights of St Francis of Wycombe, called also—with less sacrifice and more truth—the Hell-Fire Club, embraced some of the greatest of its day.

The ranks of this hideous society included a Prime Minister, a Chancellor of the Exchequer, a First Lord of the Admiralty, and a Secretary of State. Among its "Brothers" were a Postmaster-General of Ireland, a Governor of Bengal, a Sheriff of London, an Oxford professor, and a general. Included, too, were two Peers of the Realm, three other Members of Parliament, as well as poets, painters, rakes and unfringed priests.

Come and see, my friend. We will travel by train to High Wycombe for the long creep of that journey will make you remark that it might have been accomplished more swiftly and with less discomfort in the phantoms and curlicues in which the Hell-Fire Club whirled down to their fantastic pleasures. But whatever else the clumsy despot Progress has failed to improve, at least our administrators no longer combine in the worship of the Devil.

## The Golden Ball

A straight road westwards leaves High Wycombe's tented township. This stretch was built in 1752 with the chalk mined from the bowels of West Wycombe Hill by Sir Francis Dashwood as he excavated the Hell-Fire Caves. There is the hill now dark against the western sky, crowned with the circular, open mausoleum, and slumped with the tower of the church of St. Lawrence, on the point of which glitters the Golden Ball.

This strange mausoleum was erected in 1764 to house, together with the bodies of the Dashwood family (who still live at the hill's foot), those of the members of the Hell-Fire Club. In the heart of the club's evil steward was ceremoniously entombed in 1770 for he had left in 1752 an early Dashwood, Lord Despensers, "as a memorial of its owner's warm attachment to the Noble Founder." The dubious relic disappeared in 1839.

The hollow golden ball was as close to Heaven as the Hell-Fire members could expect to get in this life or the next. One of the members, the notorious John Wilkes, described it as

"the best globe tavern I was ever in."

Beneath these edifices extend the caves, symbolically carved out to be the last meeting place of that sinister association.

The society was first known as the Monks of Medmenham, for it was at Medmenham Abbey by the Thames, eight miles across the Chilterns from the caves, that the club first met.

The Abbey's ruins lie quiet now, but it was there that the club first held their nauseous ceremonies, indulged in every twist of fleshly wickedness, and worshipped the Devil in a chapel dedicated to God.

The better to please Satan, the members clothed themselves as Franciscan monks, called themselves "Brothers," and appointed an "Abbot." They were abetted by genuine monks gone renegade and by unfringed priests whose knowledge of Christian rites facilitated that exact travesty of black and white, right and wrong, which is the basis of the horrors of the Black Mass.

## Dressed as Nuns

As a necessary part of these unholy rituals, the women introduced into them (and the local wenches went in fear of seizure) were dressed as nuns. A poet member of the club, the Satanist Charles Churchill, wrote delicately:

"... whilst womanhood, in habit of a nun, At Medmenham lies, by backwood monks undone."

The removal to the caves was due to a prank. Before a Black Mass at Medmenham John Wilkes had dressed a baboon

(sent by the Governor of Bengal) as the Devil, and had hidden it in the chapel.

In the middle of the dark rites he released it. In the dim light it sprang with a shriek upon Lord Sandwich. He and the other Brothers, convinced that their evil master had now come to take their bodies as well as their souls, ran screaming like lunatics into the surrounding woods.

## Weird Rite

So the club came to West Wycombe Hill. Here, half way up, is the entrance to the caves, built symbolically as a church without a roof. The low, vaulted passage leads to the chalk, and this small chamber on the right was the Robing Room. Here the Brothers exchanged the silks and velvets of their normal life for the rough brown monk's habits of their perverted "religion." From the Robing Room, they took the wax-tapers to light them to their dark "devotions."

This giant pillar in the middle of the passage was also symbolic and used for some weird rite. Circle it now and then look up there at the Devil's heads fashioned in the chalk and those mysterious numerals "XXII F." This sign is believed to hint at the whereabouts of the, as yet, undiscovered secret passage which strikes off somewhere from the catacombs.

Beyond these vaults there is the Banqueting Hall, thought to be the world's largest artificial chalk cavern. Deep in the heart of the hill, it is 40 feet in diameter and 50 high, and from that hook in the ceiling a great lamp was hung. It once could be reached only by boat across a pool of water.

This pool was called the Styx, after that black river which the Greeks believed encircled Hades.

Some 20 members of the club used to dine here in the Banqueting Hall, grouped in their brown habits round a rich table at whose head sat the Abbot, Lord Despensers, clad in red. When the last course was served the port was circulated, and reverently the Abbot proposed the toast to the Devil. In an uproar of blasphemous singing the 12 inner members progressed to the chapel; the others moved into the surrounding private cells to start their "devotions."

The chapel is this narrow chamber running east and west. That large raised slab at the western end was the altar of the Black Mass. At the opposite end is the Cursing Well from which the Monks drew their unholy water as they chanted their profane psalms and hymns.

## Inner Temple

At the end of the passage, a quarter of a mile from daylight, is the Inner Temple and, foul though the rites in the chapel were, it was for this unholyest of all unholyest that the worst wickedness was reserved.

You do not look yourself, my friend. Perhaps the atmosphere infects you? Or are you, perhaps, reflecting how short a while is 200 years—a blink of time's eye-lid in the history of mankind? It would be easy then, you are thinking, to be whirled back here into the heart of the Hell-Fire Club. Is that noise you hear drunken singing, the shriek of a woman, the ugly mutter of a twisted psalm? Is that a brown monk's habit there—just there—in the darkness? (COPYRIGHT)

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## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN





# WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

## Striking Creations Produced By Designers Of The Future

By HAZEL MEYRICK

A HANDFUL of girls who have designs on Britain's dress trade -- fashion students at the Royal College of Art -- gave a dress show for the Queen Mother in London a fortnight ago. The parade included clothes for every possible occasion, with an accent on sportswear.

Some of the students seemed to be suffering from split personalities, for a good many of the plays were made up of patchwork of

materials -- a beach suit for instance was bisected down the front, one side red, one green; and the effect reversed, checkerboard fashion, for the trousers. Others consisted of huge diamond-shaped pieces of fabric strung together in an abstracted fashion.

Whether they were suffering from a shortage of material we shall never know. But since West End shoppers are flocking to buy expensive Italian play-clothes, skilfully designed to make their wearers look like sea sirens, these young students must be on the right track.

One of the show's most outstanding designers was New Zealand's Diane More. She made a crazy cycling outfit calculated to send any motorist up the wall -- scarlet jersey plus-tours and a loose jacket, over a grey and white striped hooded sweater and long grey and white striped cycling socks to match. Scarcely less exotic was her modest-looking Victorian bathing dress in mauve wool jersey, coyly slotted through with white ribbon.

### TO RAISE EYEROWS

Vareuna Marshall produced a television outfit in scarlet corduroy -- cut-length -- fore-edge pants edged with what looked suspiciously like lampshade fringing. Also calculated to raise eyebrows were the bright green and tan wool combinations she made, with long legs and three-quarter length sleeves, topped by a bright cotton skirt.

Plainer, every-day clothes were well styled and well made, but what a dreary choice of colours! With the chance to run the gamut of the colour-palette, they plumped for beige or pale grey every time, and the dullness of the colouring spoiled the effect of the clothes.

Some of the dresses were accompanied by wonderful stoles, handwoven by the textile school in vivid jewel colours.

Others were decorated with hand-made jewellery and many were topped by professional-looking hats, one of them, a deep-red diadem was designed by Princess Beatrix Hohenlohe, niece of the Duke of Edinburgh, who is taking a year's course in fashion design.

Top wholesale designer Frederick Starke, who has always taken an interest in the fashion school, has awarded a travelling fashion scholarship to

the year's most promising student, Varena Marshall, and she will use this to visit the couture collections in Paris.

### CRAZY FOOTWEAR

Russell and Bromley, a London shoe store which has always been addicted to sensible, staid shoe styles showed recently the craziest collection of footwear I've seen for a long time.

There were shoes for dancing with skeleton heels -- a mere framework of metal which just about supported the wearer, and oriental gold-embossed harem shoes with spindle heels. There were low-cut cocktail pumps in hand-blocked Japanese deerskin and mosaic printed calf, and one pair of cocktail mules of practically transparent plastic trimmed with a giant diamond bow.

My favourites were cocktail shoes which glittered mysteriously as the wearer passed by -- the secret was a shoe-string of diamonds sandwiched between the heel and the upper.

### SPINDLE HEELS

Spindle heels on shoes of all prices tend to snap after a few wearings, and shoe repairers refuse to touch them. But the fashion for heels the size of knitting-needles goes relentlessly on.

Now solid aluminium heels have arrived which, we are assured, will stand any amount of strain and won't snap. But we are still faced with the problem of what to do when stuck in a pavement grating. Does one hobble away on one shoe only, call the fire brigade to help, or risk ruining the shoe by wrenching it out?

## Do's and don'ts to keep your weight down

HERE are ten simple do's and don'ts you can easily follow to help keep your weight down.

As I have so often told you, you probably are overweight simply because you eat more calories than your body needs. The only way to cure this situation is to cut down on what you eat.

Being overweight is a definite health hazard. You have to work harder than the average person to perform any task. And the bulk of this additional work must be performed by your heart.

Heart disease, no matter what its cause, is aggravated by overweight. Besides, if you are greatly overweight, you are more likely to develop high blood pressure, diabetes and other diseases of the blood and kidneys.

### ACCIDENT-PRONE

You are more prone to accidents and excess fatigue, you might lack poise, and most important of all, you probably are shortening your life.

For a good reducing diet, consult your doctor. Meanwhile, you can follow these suggestions:

1--No between-meal snacks. This means no alcoholic beverages, pretzels, potato chips, candy or similar foods which have a high caloric value but relatively little food value.

2--Don't use sugar on your fruit dishes or in fruit juices.

3--Don't use salad dressing or mayonnaise on sandwiches.

4--Use vinegar or lemon on salads instead of regular dressings.

5--Don't eat gravy and sweet spreads.

6--Broil or bake foods instead of frying them.

7--Trim most of the fat off your meat.

8--Don't use fat as seasoning in preparation of foods.

9--Don't use heavy or whipped cream.

10--Don't use cream or sugar in coffee or tea.

—Marilyn Mercer



An evening shoe in transparent vinylite edged with gold piping has a scaffolding heel. By Bally of Switzerland.

Alterations Specialist  
Occupies

## A Unique Fashion Field

New York.

WHEN fashion careers are the topic of discussion, designing and dress-making come first to mind as the top "creative" jobs. But there are other kinds of creativity, and Gertrude Frankel's flourishing business might well be an inspiration for the talented girl who's looking for a fashion niche for herself.

Mrs. Frankel's specialty? Creative alterations.

She has a small shop on New York's Christopher Street, called Alterations Centre, and it really is a centre. Women from all over the city bring their clothes to her for everything from little nips and tucks that their figures require for fit to complete restyling.

### EXPERT'S EXPERT

Mrs. Frankel is something of an expert's expert. Fashion editors from many New York newspapers are steady customers, staffers from Women's Wear Daily, the garment industry trade paper, bring in their clothes, and top designer Adele Simpson once brought in an entire wardrobe, when her own workroom staff was too busy to do the job. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt has also been a customer.

Mrs. Frankel took time off recently from a busy day of fittings to talk about her work. "People often ask me," she said, "if I have any ambition to make new clothes. I tell them I'd never change. This is so important."

"I think," she said, "that I'm alone in New York. Altering clothes, making them fit, is a job most dressmakers aren't enthusiastic about. I enjoy doing it, and decided to specialise in it. It's really creative."

### THE FRESH TOUCH

Mrs. Frankel may be called upon in the course of a day to lengthen a waist, raise a décolletage, design a new collar line for a dress, reshape a jacket. Her ingenuity is taxed to the full sometimes to find ways to expand a dress to fit with almost no fabric to work with. "I love pattern work," she says. "It's almost like making mosaics." As a matter of course she keeps up with fashion—her customers rely on her sense of style to keep their wardrobe up to date. And she's full of ideas for the fresh, fashionable touch that will transform a tired old dress into an advance model.

"Actually," says Mrs. Frankel, "there are very few women who can be fitted perfectly in ready-made clothes. At least a little nip in at the neckline or dart in the back, is almost always necessary to make the dress really fit."

Some customers bring in everything they buy to be checked for perfect fit. "After a number of years," says Mrs. Frankel, "I know my customer's figures. I know that one always needs the waistline let out a little; another always must have the shoulders raised. I understand their idiosyncrasies." And every customer, she observed, thinks that she and she alone has the problem figure.

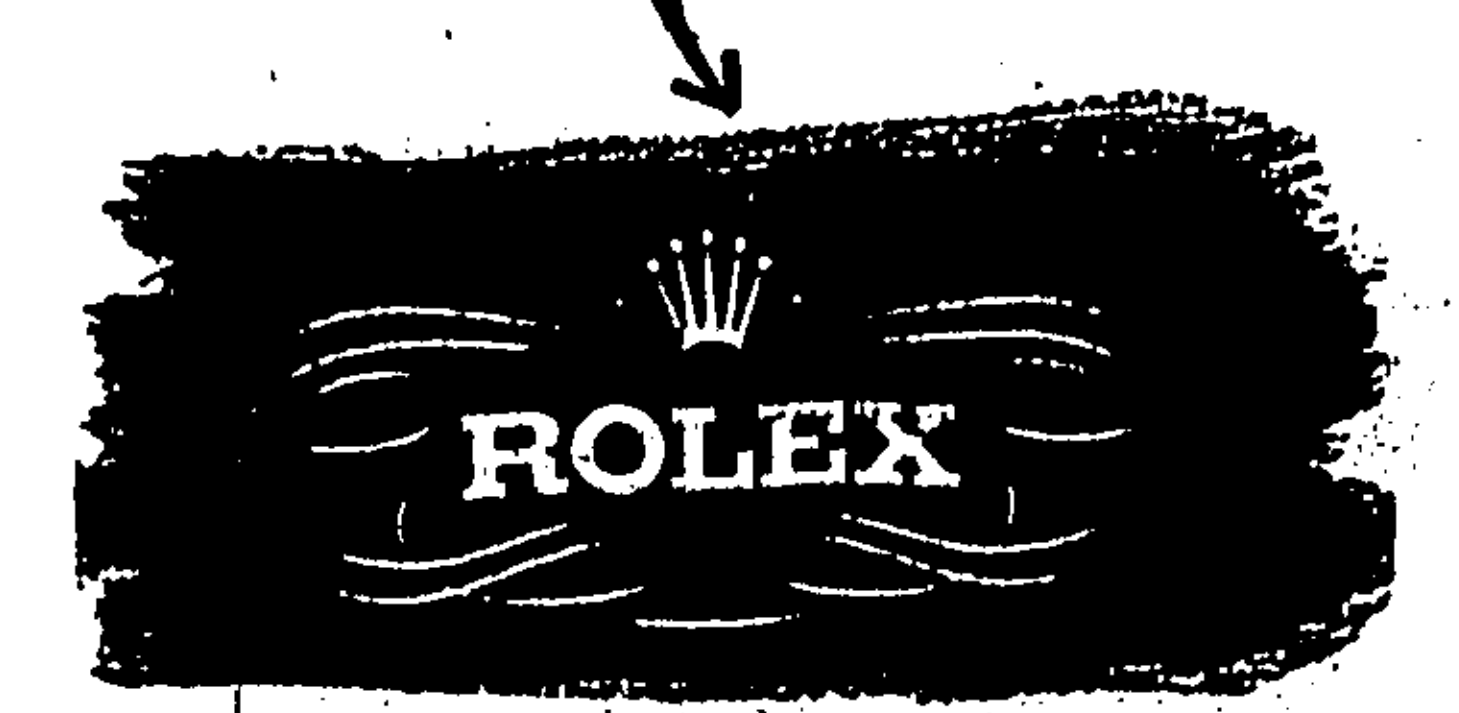
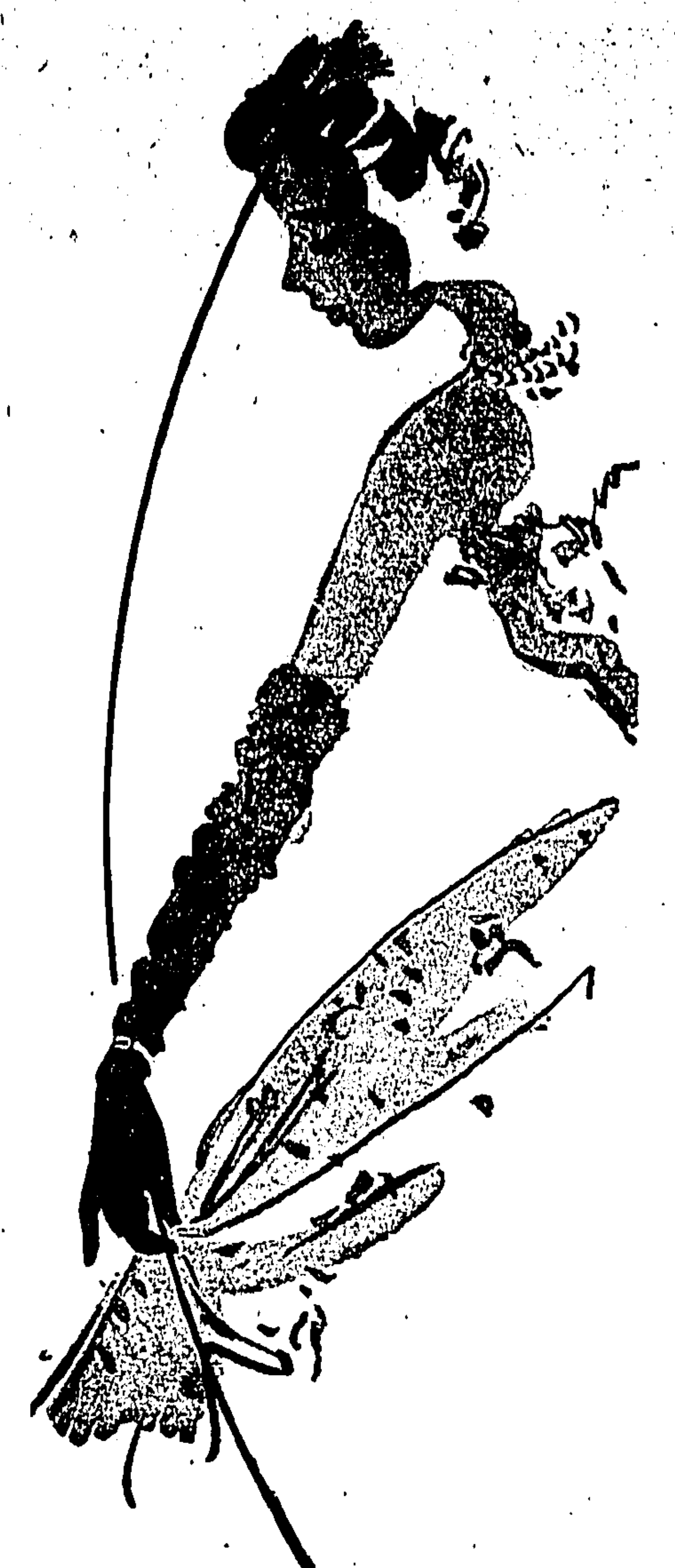
### MUCH IN DEMAND

Originally a milliner, Mrs. Frankel started working in terms of alterations in 1940, when the New Look brought hemlines suddenly down and havoc to wardrobes full of short-skirted dresses. "Everyone had the same problem," then, said Mrs. Frankel, and her first year in business was devoted largely to, not just letting down hems, but in thinking up ingenious ways to piece out skirts with trims, tulle, yokes and hemline trim. (A few years later she was taking them all up again.) Cutting down padded shoulders was another big item in the years when the natural shoulder line replaced the over-stuffed one, and still is. Replacing back zippers with side ones is another alteration that's much in demand--by women who can't cope with the back closings.

Right now the big alteration problem is taking in clothes to fit newly slimmed figures. "Everybody is on diet," Mrs. Frankel observes. "And they are losing weight--what they call none of their clothes fit."

Last year Mrs. Frankel decided to give up her business. Selling dresses, she reasoned, would be less taxing. This last year, exactly one month, she kept ringing the phone, and the agonized pleas of old customers finally made her change her decision.

"I'll never give it up now," she says. "I realised it's what I like to do--and there's so much in it for what you do."



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## THE AUTUMN SILHOUETTE IS SOFT AND BLOUSED

By MARIE FONTAINE

SO much is spoken and written about Paris fashion and the smartness of French women that one tends to imagine that the majority of them have models by Dior or other famous couturiers in their wardrobes. But, of course, very few of them can afford to buy such clothes, and it is largely to the wholesale houses that they owe their reputation or chic.

For the coming autumn, the line which is being promoted by the French wholesalers is soft and bloused. Softness at the waist is obtained by bloused effects often drawn in by a leather belt or a self-fabric belt. Softness at the backs of coats gains fullness.

Blooused backs are the principal features in the WEIBE collection. For instance, a jacket in a thick, hazel-brown wool with a back-draping collar and unbuttoned front is full and bloused at the back due to gathers which begin just above the waistline. A matching dress is bloused all around the waistline which is, however, defined by a narrow band.

The bloused back appears again, both above and below the firmly-belted waist, in a coat in blue-green diagonal weave wool by LEMPEREUR, and also in a dress of lightweight periwinkle blue wool from the same house. In the latter case, the bloused effect continues into a gathered floating panel below the waist, reaching to the hem.

JACQUELINE MONNIN covers up a low-necked sheath dress of white wool jersey with a sleeveless bolero which is gathered all the way round both at the top and the hem.

Many suits are belted at the waist. Some are merely half-belts whereas others encircle the waist and are in a self-fabric, such as on a model in black and grey tweed by GATTEGNO; here it holds in the slight fullness of the high-buttoned jacket. BASTA, on the other hand, favours a narrow leather belt on a wool suit of small black and brown checks.

One of the alternatives to a bloused effect on dresses is a belted high-waisted effect which does not leave the natural waistline unmarked. Typical of this is a slim-skirted

dress in black and white finely checked wool. This has a wide inverted band at the front from the waist to just beneath the bust and a high-fastening bodice with slight fullness to give emphasis to the bust.

Plain sheath dresses are often accompanied by matching 3/4 or full length coats such as the ensemble in dark red and bronze wool plaid by MARIE CHASSENG and the one in dark grey wool fabric by GATTEGNO. The latter consists of a slim dress with a slit neckline and a back belt buttoning on either side at the neckline and a black-belted loose three-quarter coat with a fairly large collar and buttoned tabs on the cuffs and pockets, recalling the belt on the dress. Shorter-than-long coats with their own matching skirts have gained prominence in the current wholesale collections.

BASTA has one of these ensembles in brown and beige plaid in which the three-quarter-length coat is trimmed by an over-collar of Persian lamb, while LEMPEREUR's is black and white tweed, another in which a high-waisted effect is achieved on the coat by means of a high-placed belt at the back, which rises still higher at the front. The coat in a similar ensemble by MAX MOZES in black and string-colour tweed has soft gathers let in at the back.

The return of fullness at the back and deeper armholes mark the new line for topsuits. The fullness often takes the form of a soft rolled pleat at either side of the back such as in a coat by BAILLIE-HEMCEY in fancy black and white herringbone tweed where they are held in

place by a low-placed half-belt. Another model, this time by length bolero and full skirt of LEMPEREUR, is in dark brown and bottle green woollen plaid. It is worn over a fitted waist-the same fabric.

As regards fabrics favoured by the French wholesalers, wool cloths with a quite heavy and rather rustic appearance are chosen for dresses as well as jackets and shortened coats. Herringbone patterns and large checks and plaids are very popular. Cheviot tweeds are extensively used for suits with unfitted jackets and for sheath dresses while soft jerseys and satin-faced, very fine broadcloths are ideal for interpreting the new supple tendency.

Green, whether bronze, sorrel or willow, is the prevailing colour in the ready-to-wear collections, but there are touches of violet, dark red, bright red and stained glass blue also. In the more classic range of colours, burnt chestnut and hazel predominate.



1. BASTA: The slightly cut-away line of the pleated skirt of the straight-out jacket is the main feature of this suit in bronze green wool, which is worn under a loose-fitting speckled green tweed coat. 2. LEMPEREUR: In a periwinkle-blue lightweight woollen fabric, this jacket, button-through dress has a softly-blooused back that continues into a gathered panel in the skirt. 3. GATTEGNO: The belted suit is shown here in charcoal grey. Cheviot tweed trimmed with a fur collar and low-placed buttoned pockets. 4. J. MONNIN: The appearance of this sleeveless sheath dress in fine white wool is completely transformed by the short, sleeveless bolero which is gathered all round at the neck and at the hem. 5. WEIBE: The new line in French wholesale topsuits, with the return of the deep armhole and immense fullness falling in soft folds on either side at the back, is shown here in this model in blue and black herringbone tweed.



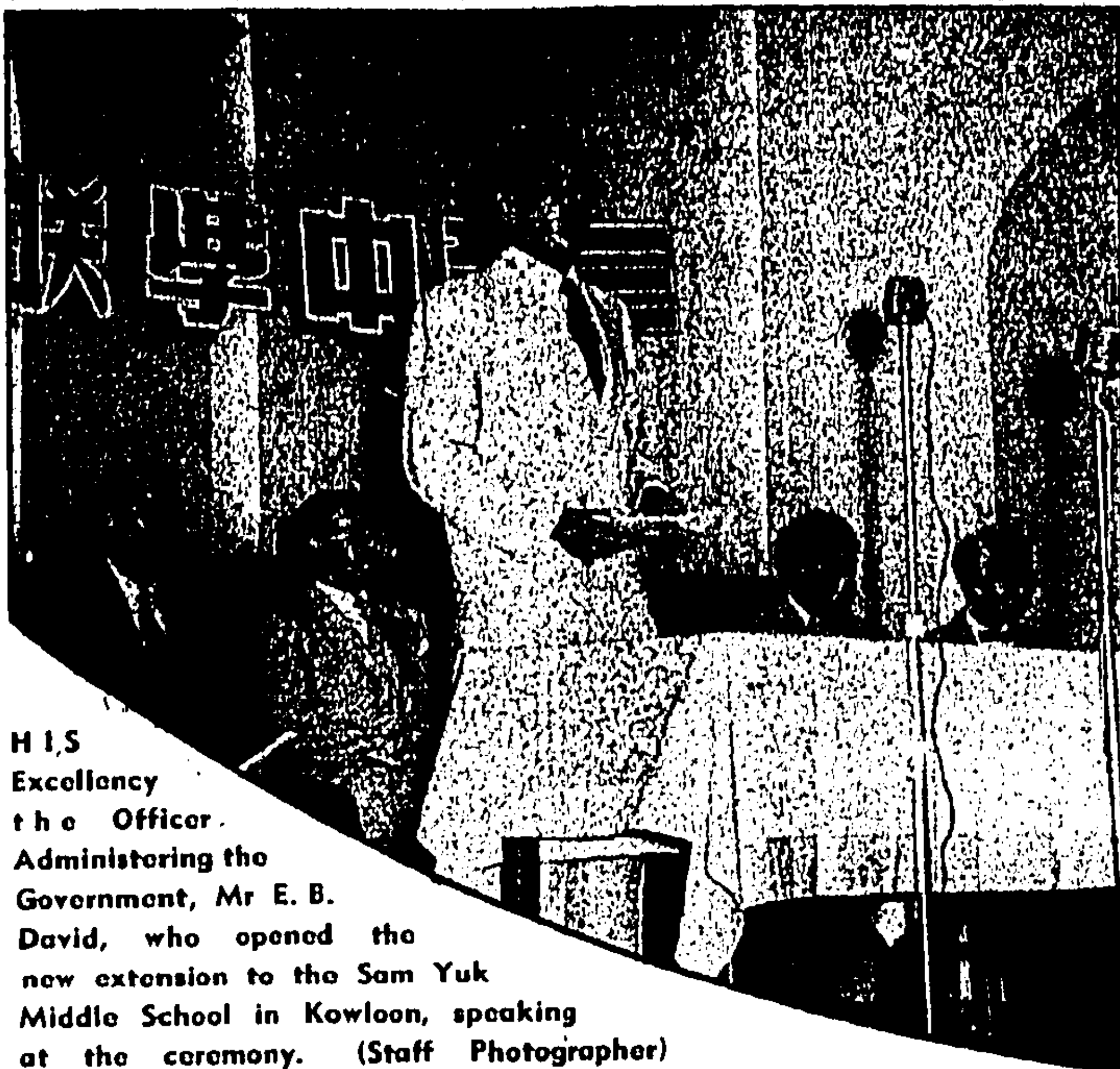


MRS F. Hill (second from left), a teacher of King George V School, who is going on retirement, seen at the farewell dinner given in her honour at the Peninsula Hotel. On extreme left is the Director of Education, the Hon. D. J. S. Crozier. (Staff Photographer)



THE two American Jesuit priests, the Rev. Frs Thomas L. Phillips and John William Clifford (second and third from left), recently released by the Chinese Communists after long imprisonment, giving a press conference on their arrival here last week-end. (Staff Photographer)

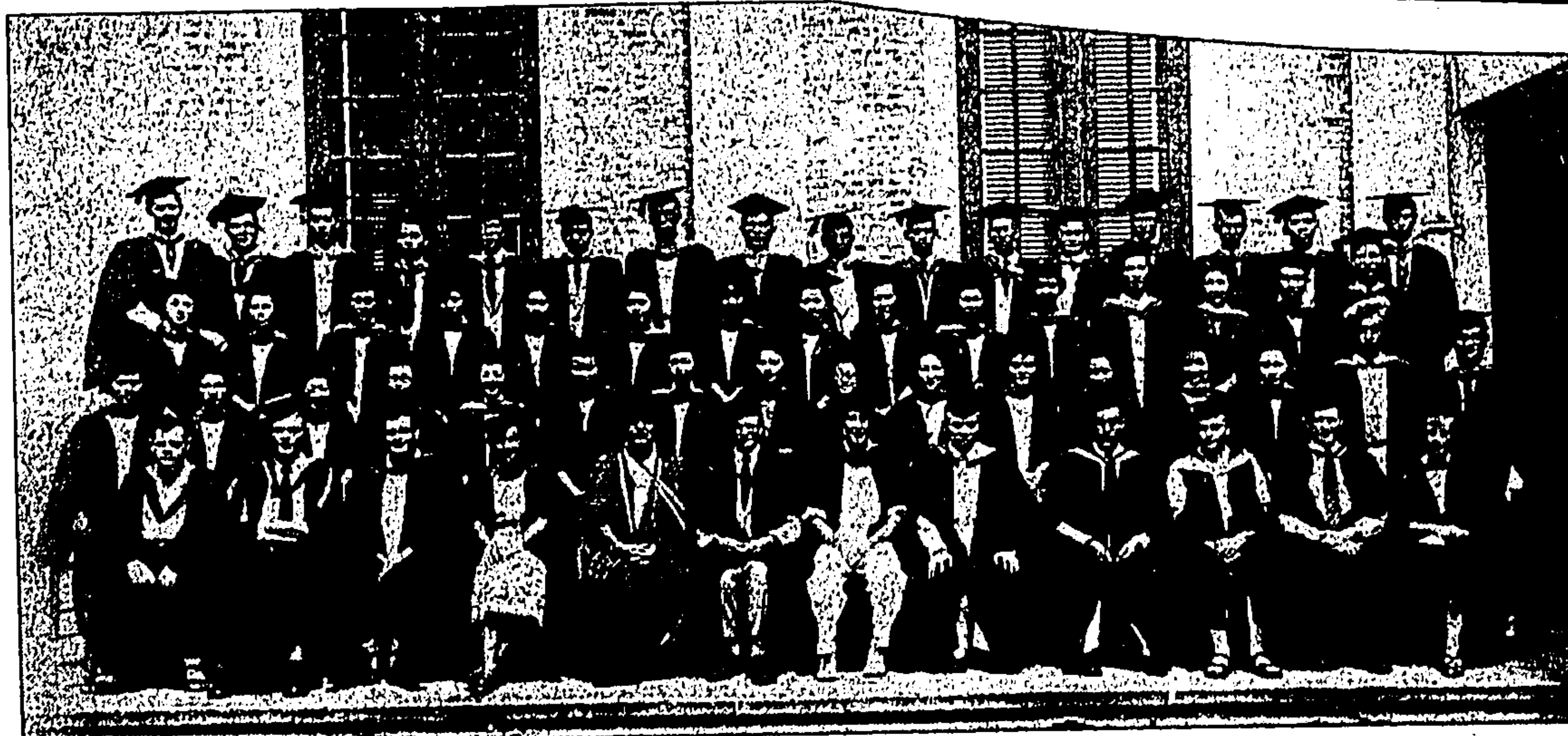
RIGHT: Group picture of the 1956 graduates of the Arts Faculty, University of Hongkong. (Ming Yuen)



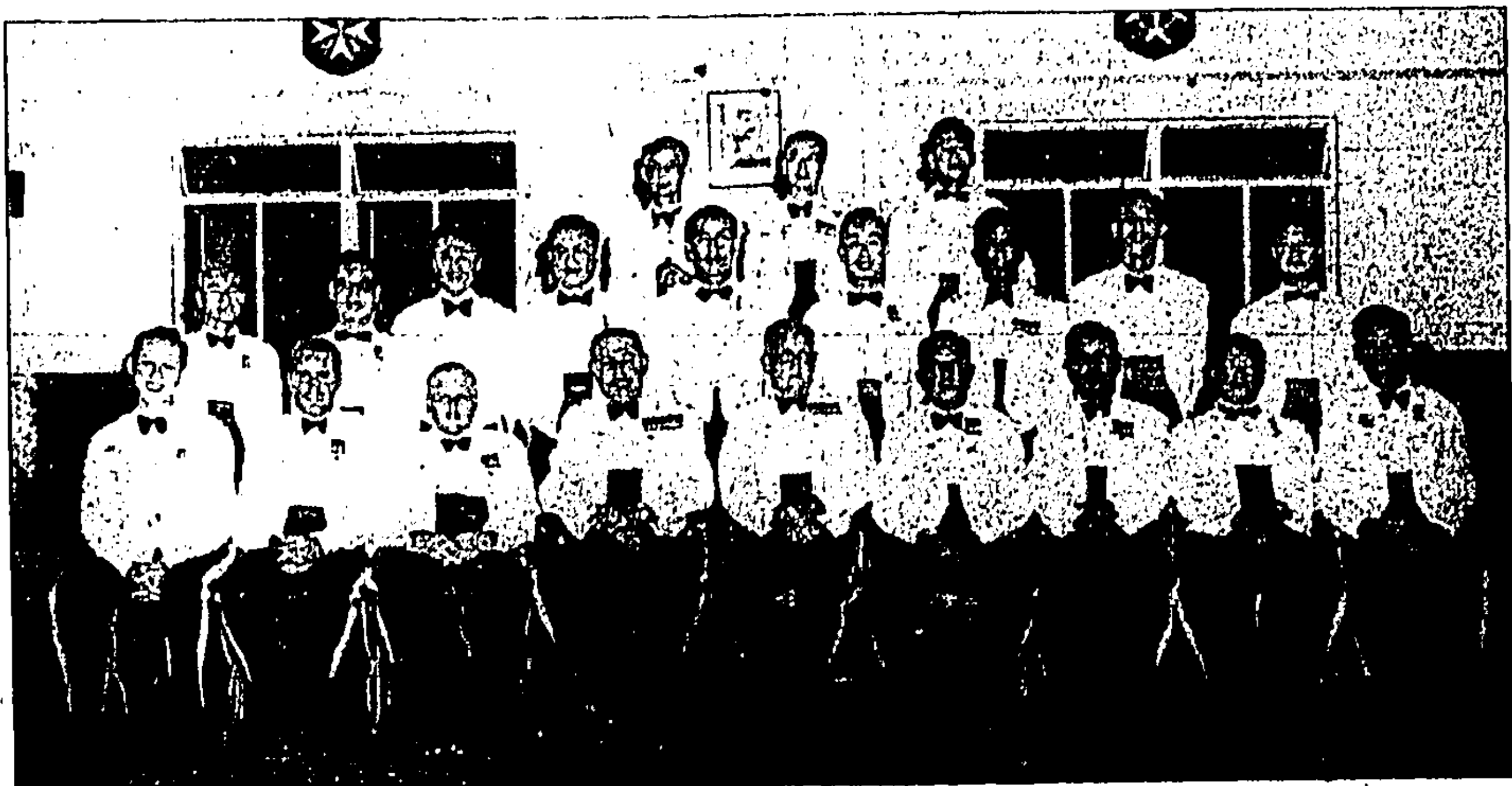
HIS Excellency the Officer Administering the Government, Mr E. B. David, who opened the new extension to the Sam Yuk Middle School in Kowloon, speaking at the ceremony. (Staff Photographer)



MRS T. Cashman, wife of the Senior Superintendent of Police, New Territories, distributing trophies at the conclusion of the New Territories Inter-schools table tennis competition at the Shataukok Primary School. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Mr Philip Wu and his bride, formerly Miss Mientje Markus. They were married at the Registry on Monday. (Ming Yuen)



MR L. Bones (seated, centre), Assistant Commissioner, Mainland Area, of the St John Ambulance Brigade, who is retiring, feted by officers at the Kowloon Headquarters. (Mainland)



MR and Mrs Muriel P. Surtani held a party recently to celebrate their first wedding anniversary. The happy couple seen cutting their anniversary cake.



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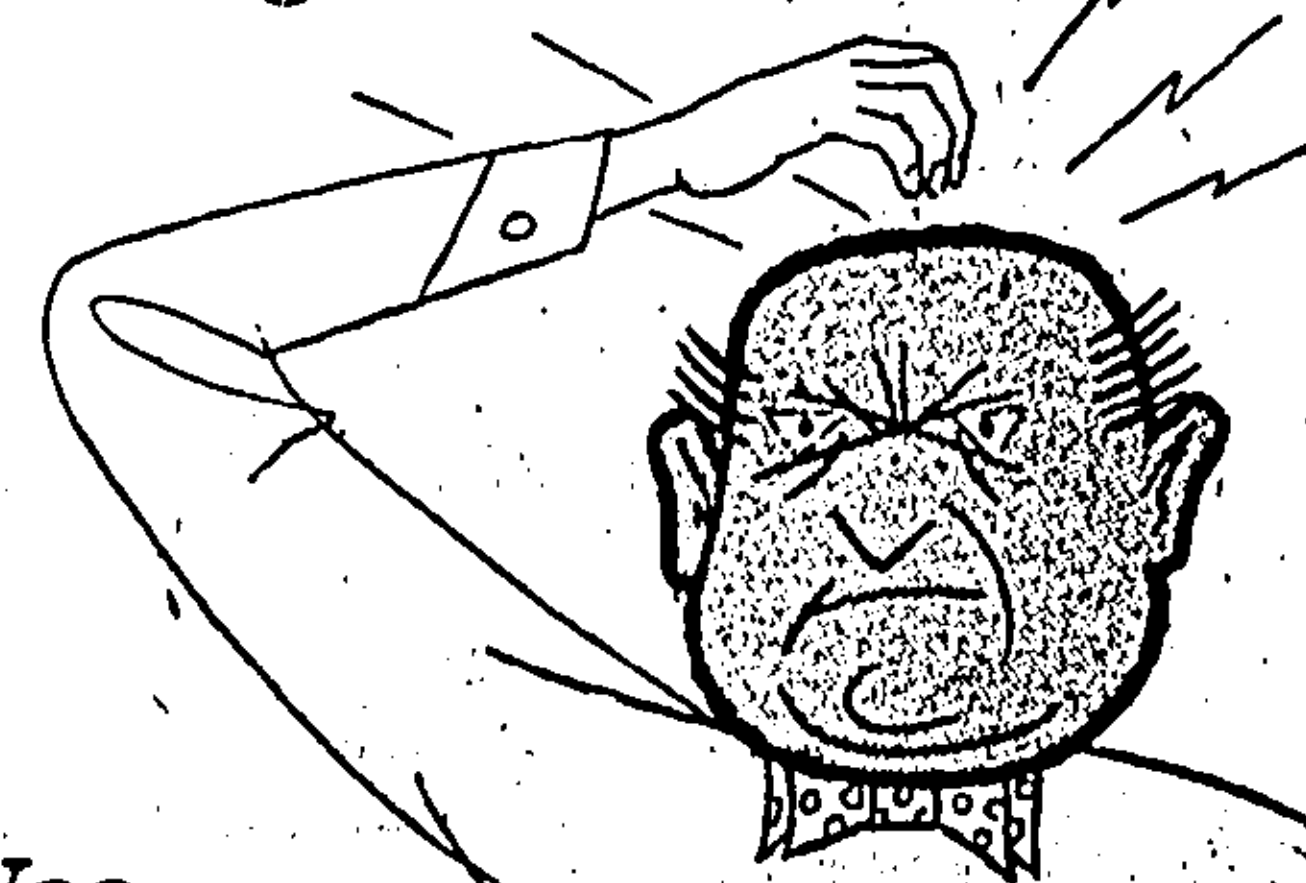
"Extra Service At No Extra Cost"

RIGHT: Searchlights illuminate the scene as the Band and Corps of Drums of the 1st Battalion, the King's Own Royal Regiment, Boat Troop at Gun Club Hill Barracks. The ceremony was held for 15 Medium Regiment, R.A. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Scene during the ordination of six Chinese priests at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes. The Roman Catholic Bishop, Monsignor Lawrence Blanchi, officiated. (Staff Photographer)



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THE Hongkong Police Reserve last week gave a cocktail party in honour of the Hon. Sir Tsun-nin Chau, recently knighted by Her Majesty the Queen. Mr T. O. Tso, Assistant Commissioner (Reserve), toasting the new knight. (Staff Photographer)



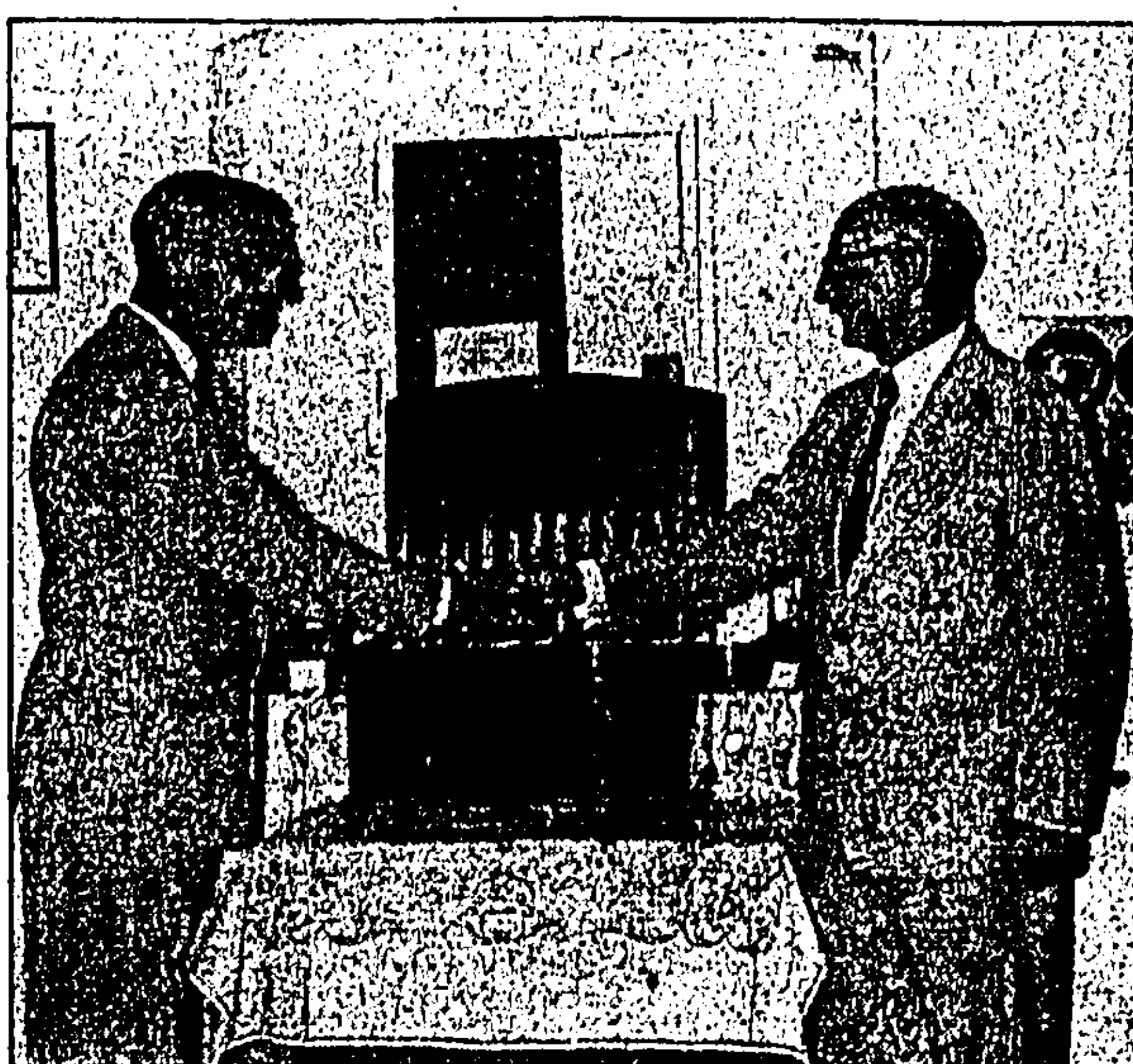
AN exhibition of work by students of the Diocesan Boys' School preceded the annual prizegiving ceremony. Here some boys examine a relief model of Hongkong. (Staff Photographer)



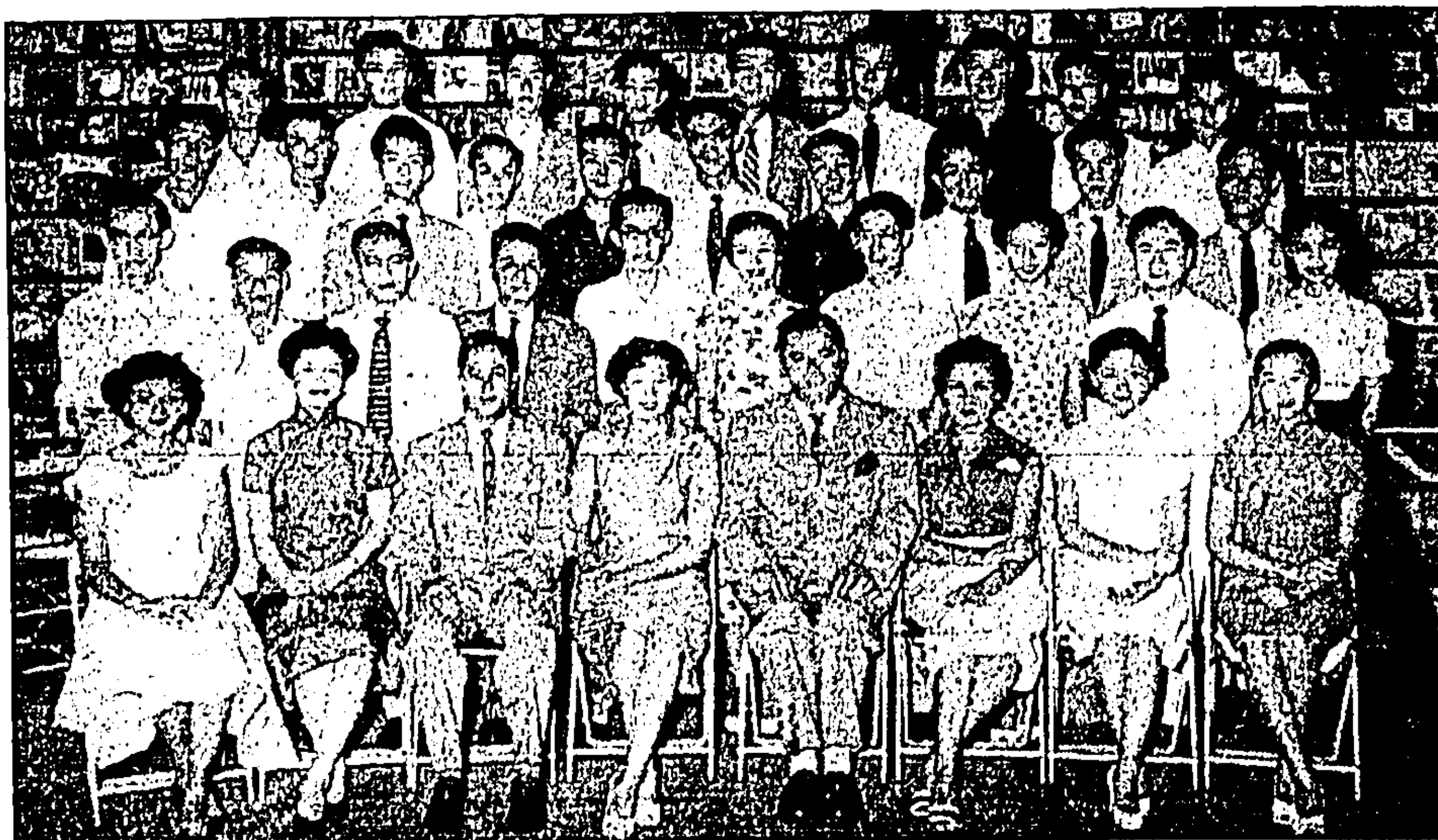
MR T. Y. Lo, new President of the Rotary Club of Hongkong Island West (left), receiving the badge of office from the Founder President, Mr Fung Hon-chu, at the induction meeting held at the Golden Dragon Restaurant. (Staff Photographer)



MR K. A. P. Liddy (seated third from right), immediate Past President of the Chindits Old Comrades' Association, was entertained to dinner last week by members before his departure for South Africa. (Staff Photographer)



MR Raymond W. Smith, (right) who has retired from the Hongkong Electric Co., Ltd., after 34 years, shaking hands with Mr W. Stoker, General Manager, who made a presentation to him on behalf of colleagues at the Hongkong Electric Recreation Club. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP photograph of the staff of Moutrie and Co., Ltd., taken on the occasion of the annual reunion. Seated fourth from right is Mr A. F. Gillett, manager.



LEFT: Mr Jack Hsu, of the U.S. Consulate-General, and Miss Carol Tsui, of the Kowloon Hospital, who were married at the Registry last Saturday, pause for the photographer before entering their car to go on their honeymoon at Castle Peak. (Staff Photographer)

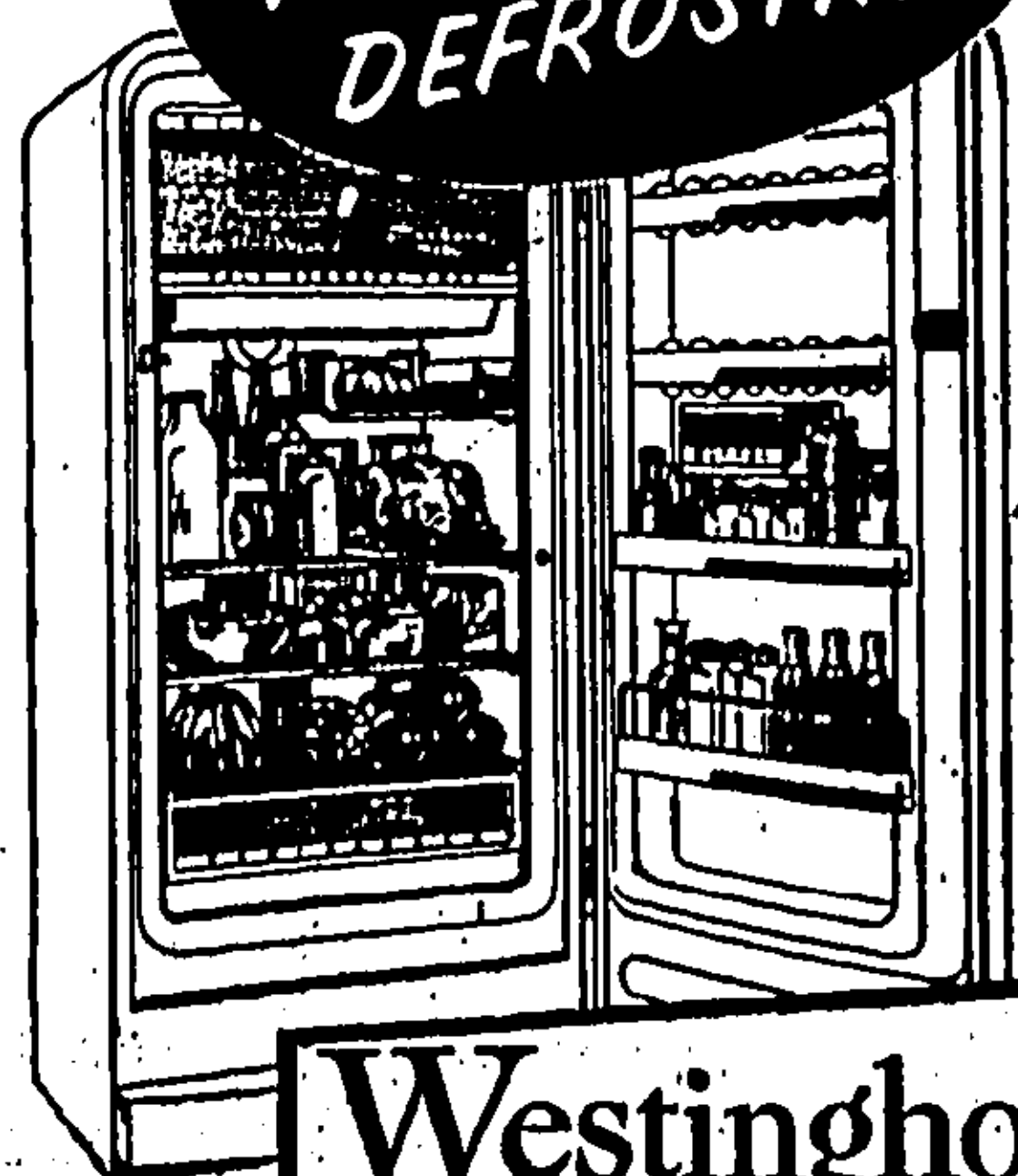
THE second annual graduation ceremony of Chung Chi College was held at the St Stephen's Girls' College on Tuesday. Mrs Everett F. Drumright, wife of the United States Consul-General, soon presenting certificates to graduates. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Students of the True Light Middle School, Hongkong, taking part in the lantern ceremony which formed part of the programme at the annual graduation exercises on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mrs B. C. K. Hawkins, wife of the Secretary for Chinese Affairs, presenting prizes at the annual speech day of St Stephen's College, Stanley. (Staff Photographer)



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## LEAGUE BOWLS

# THE CHAMPIONSHIP RACE ENTERS ITS LAST QUARTER THIS AFTERNOON

By "TOUCHER"

The race for First Division Lawn Bowls League honours goes into its last quarter this afternoon with three teams bunched together and vying for the lead.

Of these Craigengower is now leading by a short head followed by the IRC "Blues" who in turn are only a nose in front of the Kowloon Cricket Club.

Occupying the inside track, however, are the Cricket Club who are the most favourably placed and ready to shoot out into the lead before these teams go into the straight stretch.

On paper KCC will have the strongest opposition among the three contenders when they take on Kowloon Bowling Green Club this afternoon.

In their first encounter more than six weeks ago the cricketers won handsomely by five points to nil. The Bowling Club bowlers have improved a little since then, but the improvement both in standard of play and morale is more striking among the KCC players.

They seem to have arrived at the best possible line-up at last with the possible exception of one No. 2 berth. Playing on their home green today, they have a slightly more than 50-50 chance of repeating their earlier round win by the same margin.

## ONE ADVANTAGE

Indian Recreation Club "Blues", the next best-placed team, will have one advantage in their favour in their remaining matches in that most of them will be "home" games. Their guests this afternoon are the Tai Koo twelve, who had already failed to prevent the Indians from taking full points in the earlier round match on their own green.

Today they will be further handicapped by having to play on a much faster and wider-drawing green than their own and although I do not doubt that they will go down fighting, it will be too much to expect them to get off with at most one point from this game.

On paper, Craigengower seem to have the easiest opposition this afternoon when they cross over to the Filipino Club. Like KCC and IRC "Blues", they too have already in their credit a 5-0 home win over their opponents.

Unlike them, however, the Craigengower bowlers have slumped considerably in form since their defeat by KCC last week. This was more than

evident in the Colony Open Championships, during the week when one after another the CCC entrants were eliminated.

Their trouble is further enhanced this afternoon by the inability of skip Sun Leonard to get off from his work for this match, necessitating a reshuffle of two ranks.

Alfred Coates will take over Leonard's rink and will have George Hong Choy as his No. 3, and Joe Landolt will also have a new No. 3 in P. K. Lau. Bradbury's four remain unchanged.

Much will depend on the form of the newly promoted No. 3 but here's a game that will produce a wide swing. The Valley Club should win by at least a 4-1 margin, but an upset is not improbable.

## SECOND DIVISION

Only interest in the Second Division games is the race for the runners-up berth and the fight between Filipino Club and Prison Officers' Club to avert relegation.

Second-placed Recoilo may have to fight hard for their possible four points against USRC while third-placed KCC should come back from Hung-hom with now fewer than four points from their match against the KCC "Whites".

With an average of four matches to go, the Third Division will probably see HKPSA increase their lead at the top of the League table after their game this afternoon against Police Recreation Club with an addition of probably five points.

The battle royal in this division will be between the Football Club and Craigengower, with the possibility of the footballers avenging their first-round 4-1 defeat.

## THE CHAMPIONSHIPS

Third-placed Filipino Club will have quite a task to sub-

due Hongkong Electric Club at the Ming Yuen green and may have to play really well to avoid dropping more than one point.

The first round matches in the Colony Open Singles and Pairs Championships played during the week were again featured by a few upsets.

Special mention goes to J. Tindall and Eric Liddell who established a local record in the Pairs event by chalking up 40 shots against 10 in their match against Filipino Club's V. Neves and S. S. Hussain.

While on this event it may also be mentioned that the match between G. Hong Choy and S. Leonard and J. Duffy and J. H. Goodman resulted in a 24-22 win for the former and not the latter as reported. Apparently incorrect marking of the scorecard was the cause of the error.

In the Singles event, top honours went to the 1953 champion, A. H. Seemlin, who played some of the best bowls in his career on Thursday to eliminate corner champion Joe Landolt by 21-7.

Tomorrow, the Colony Open Rinks Championship enters its second round with a programme of eight matches. The best match is expected to be that between the CCC four of F. Lee, C. C. Ma, A. E. Coates and J. Landolt and the Recoilo combination of F. G. da Luz, S. E. Souza, C. E. Passos and A. A. Lopes. This will be played at the KBGC green. It should be an extremely close game with the odds in favour of the Recoilo four.

Another good game, also on the KBGC green, will be that between KCC's L. Gibson, J. Chubb, F. R. Kernani and W. Hong Sling and Recoilo's J. Fonseca, A. P. Pereira, C. C. Pereira and J. A. Luz. The KCC combination hold a very slight edge.

## SPORTS SPECTRUM

## Big John Is Shaken By Mr Wong's Reform Plan

The atmosphere in the Club was electric.

News of the big flare-up between Mr Wong and Big John had got around and the members watched Wong as he sat impatiently at a table near the window. It was all too obvious he was in anything but the best of tempers.

Whenever the door opened the general chatter died down but, as the hands on the clock dropped to the half-hour and Big John had not put in an appearance, the members began to sense something of an anti-climax.

That is exactly what it turned out to be, but not for the reason the gathering had anticipated.

Quick steps were heard outside the door and Big John bounced in. He was smiling all over his face and was actually whistling a current pop-tuner as he stopped just long enough to locate Mr Wong.

Whatever the members expected in the way of fireworks failed to materialise for Big John slapped his old friend heartily on the back and quickly drew a chair close to the table. "Have a drink, Wong," he said.

"I've had one..." was the rather dismal reply.

"Well, have another..." "I've had another..." and another... you must have one of course... but come to think of it, I'll have one too. My spirits need all the uplift they can get at the present time."

Big John had never seen his friend in this sort of mood before and it rather puzzled him. He decided to try another line of attack.

"Look here, Wong," he said, "I know this coloured woods business is upsetting you particularly as you've heard that dozens of our lawn bowlers think it's a damned good idea. Anyway you can always muster a couple of votes for your old fashioned cause... Peanut Marshall and yourself... and if the worst comes to the worst you can of course wear dark glasses..."

Mr Wong accepted this sharp thrust with strange and unusual calm. He looked thoughtfully at the cube of ice as it floated in his pink gin and putting on his hand on Big John's shoulder, he said in the most sombre of tones, "I have just spent some time in the company of the Colony's most miserable souls. A more dismal and depressing lot I find it hard to imagine. They are poor people who seem to have lost the ability to smile... to show appreciation... to be quiet and friendly remark... in fact they are such an utterly miserable shower that I feel very sorry for them. In face of this great new problem, the question of coloured woods shrinks very small indeed."

To say that Big John was shaken is to put it mildly. He felt a little embarrassed and to cover it up he took a long draw at his drink.

Seeing that Wong was making no move to explain further he felt he had to prod him a bit. "Where the dickens have you been? Have you been visiting one of the squatter settlements, or been out at Stanley Prison... or calling on some of your 'investments' who've gone down the drain...? Come on, you old clam, let's have the whole story."

Mr Wong, by now his picture of dejection, made no immediate effort to reply. Instead he turned to the bar and shouted "Boy, the same again."

This deliberate evasion annoyed Big John. "Wong," he said, "cut out the dramatics. Where did you go to see all this misery you've been talking about?"

"I went to see a First Division Lawn Bowls match, and if there are twenty-four more miserable win-at-all-costs types than the men I saw there, then they could only be the players in another First Division match..."

It was obvious that Mr Wong was just getting started and, with a full understanding of his friend, Big John decided not to interrupt.

"Do you know, John, from the first wood on the first end until the second skip had de-

livered his last wood on the final head the whole thing was waged with all the seriousness of a battle to the death. It seemed to me that everyone regarded it as a friendly battle as a sign of weakness, and let me assure you that it is then these twenty-four fellows must be just about the toughest collection in our midst.

"I always believed that lawn bowls as a game was supposed to be played in a spirit of enjoyment, but there wasn't a spark of enjoyment in the whole afternoon. Everything was grim and serious. Shot after shot was played with an earnestness so deadly it made me squirm, and then when panic-stricken players started dashing around near the finish totting up aggregates and exhorting colleagues to make a go-or-else final effort to give the day, I decided I had seen enough."

"I went along the road a little bit and watched a couple of happy-go-lucky rinks in action. What a difference. The occasional bad shot brought banter and laughter and there was no suggestion of people being dedicated to a creed governed only by proximity to a little white ball."

"Seeing and hearing those light-hearted people did me the world of good and at least restored my faith in the game I like so much."

...but it did nothing to raise the low opinion I had formed of the shot-chasing morons across the way. They deserve pity, John, for lawn bowls was never intended to be played like the Battle of Waterloo..."

He banged the table with his fist to emphasise his point.

"My dear Wong, that's as fine a speech as I've heard from you in years," said Big John when he had recovered his breath. "Make a few more like that and the Reform Party members will be after putting your name on the next platform. But, joking apart, I do sincerely believe there's something in what you say. The only thing that worries me is what you or I or anyone else can do about it."

Mr Wong drained his glass. He looked at the bar as though he would call another drink but caught sight of the clock and jumped to his feet in alarm.

"There'll be fun and games of a very different kind in the Wong household if I don't get back there very soon," he said, "and I shall probably then need as much pity as these poor disillusioned lawn bowlers. On you mentioned the solution. That's really very easy. Put an end to all this nonsense of having a lawn bowls league and let us get back to playing the games for the sake of the pleasure and enjoyment it can give."

"People could then go onto the green ready to smile and laugh instead of scowling and scolding. Lawn bowls used to be regarded as an old man's game and it was played at a leisurely pace in keeping with the mellowed wisdom of the players. In recent years, however, younger men found that much entertainment could be derived from a few hours of the green, but said to say they couldn't leave well alone. They just had to introduce the competitive spirit and look where it has led us. Bowls was better as an old man's game..."

The club telephone rang and the No. 1 Boy called Mr Wong. Big John couldn't help but hear some of the conversation.

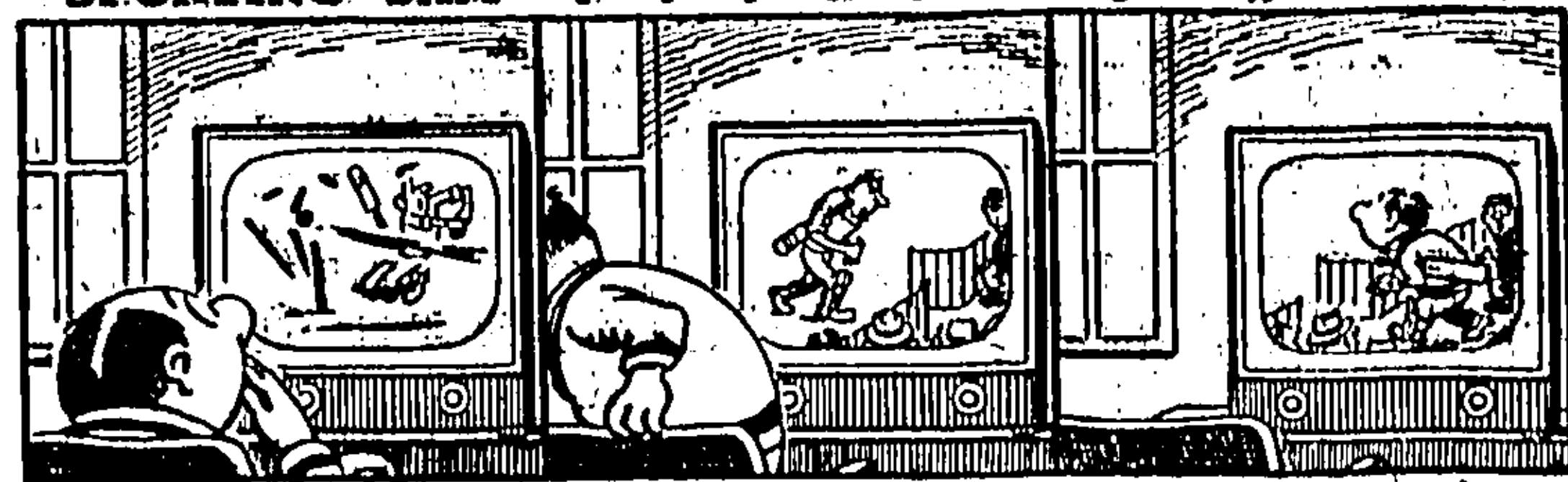
"A well timed call, dear. I had just walked in when you rang. I've been working on a rush job at the office. Yes, dear, right away, dear." Wong dropped the handpiece into place and turned to Big John. "The missus has called 'time-out', and if I don't get home quickly my chances of ever playing bowls as an old man will be somewhat upset..." Without further comment he had disappeared and the hurrying footsteps echoed through the room.

Big John gazed out of the window and pondered on Wong's unexpectedly brilliant speeches. "No. 1" he shouted bringing me a... "Pink Gin?" queried the boy. "No, a telephone directory... want Brook, Bernacchi's number..."

—B. E. JANT

## SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



## LOOKING AT SPORT

## Too Much Cricket Means Fewer All-Rounders For England

Says DENNIS HART

English cricket has suddenly become "all-round" conscious. After Australia's overwhelming victory in the Second Test at Lord's home fans are wondering why England can't produce a number seven like Richie Benaud whose flashing 97 sped Australia on the victory trail.

Many, indeed, put most of the blame of England's defeat onto the lack of runs scored by her tail-enders. This is rather harsh. More runs coming from the lower order would be welcome. So would more runs from the recognised batsmen.

Yet the fact does remain that the Aussies produce men like Benaud and England don't. And not only the Aussies. Last year the South Africans could field a side which included such a fine stroke-player as Russell Endean at number eight.

Hugh Tayfield, the regular number nine, had a Test batting average of just on 17.

Yet England regularly have a team composed of five batsmen, four bowlers, a wicketkeeper and one all-rounder — Trevor Bailey.

The lines separating each class are clear-cut. The batsmen don't bowl; the bowlers seldom make runs, neither does the wicket-keeper. Trevor Bailey, who is always doing something, is a law unto himself.

## RUN OF DEFEATS

It has been a pretty successful arrangement, too. It won England back the Ashes. In 1883 after a run of defeats against Australia lasting for 21 years, and England have not lost a series since. But she did lose to Australia at Lord's. And she lost because her batting failed. Now the cry is "why can't England bowlers but as well?"

They can, really. Jim Laker has hit a century in county cricket and a score of 65 against Australia; Johnny Wardle knows how to use a bat, and not only for hitting sixes. Godfrey Evans

looked like becoming a first-class batsman, another Leslie Ames. But he gets few runs for England now.

The reason all three don't make many Test runs is because their batting progress has been stunted by too much cricket. When a man plays little more than Saturday afternoon cricket it is comparatively easy for him to put everything into both batting and bowling. But when that same man plays six days a week he just can't develop both. He must specialise.

## AMAZING CAPACITY

There are exceptions. This brings us back to Trevor Bailey. But Bailey beside being a most talented all-round sportsman — as a soccer player he won an Amateur Cup-winner's medal — also has an amazing capacity for making the most of his talents.

Other English players could well try to emulate Bailey in this respect. In a Test match, particularly it is up to every man to give all he's got. But it is difficult for a bowler who, having let his batting slide for most of his cricket, to pick it up again in Test matches.

When Freddy Trueman and Frank Tyson, for instance, first made their way in the cricket world both were far above average as batsmen. But in becoming masters of the art of hostile bowling, batting had to come a very second best. And no-one puts more into their cricket than Trueman and Tyson.

So the England team is likely to continue with the thinnest sprinkling of all-rounders — until, in fact, a few more Trevor Baileys turn up. (Copyright)

## SPORTS QUIZ

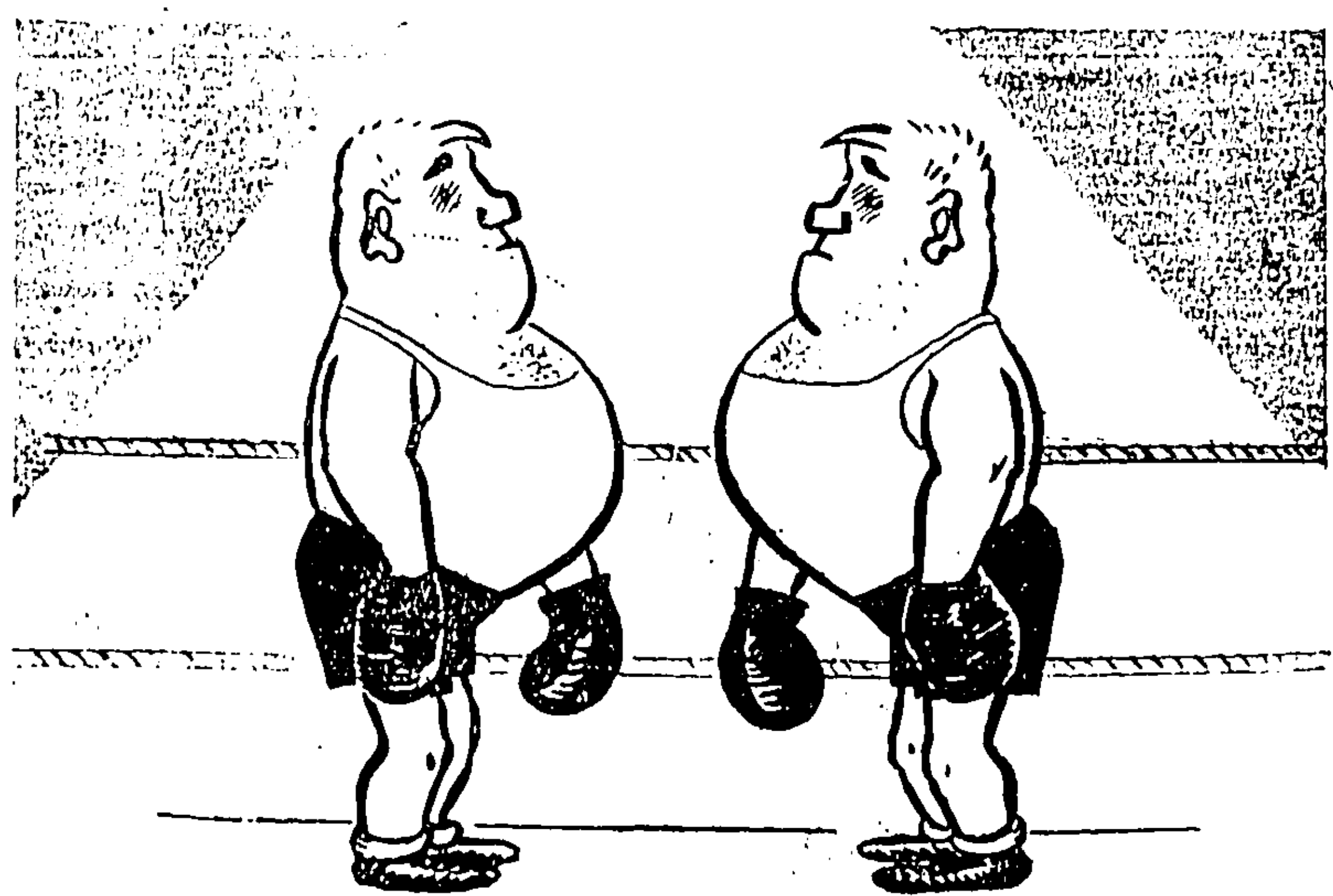
1. With what sports are the following associated: Art Larsen, Hogan Bassey and Peter Thomson?
2. American athlete Charles Dumas recently achieved an historic record. Was it (a) the first seven-foot high jump (b) the first 27 ft. long jump or (c) the first 10 second 100 metres?
3. An Englishman in the lead for a World Championship is Peter Collins. At what sport?
4. Last month two new British Empire Boxing Champions were crowned as Cruiser and Heavyweights. What are their names?
5. Lindy Remigino won an Olympic title at Helsinki in 1952. In what event?
6. The 800 Metres in the 1948 Olympics and the 800 Metres 1952 Olympics were won by the same man. Who?
7. Name the year in which (a) Rocky Marciano won the World Heavyweight title (b) England won back the Ashes from Australia and (c) Roger Bannister ran the first four-minute mile.
8. What sports take place at Forest Hills, Silverstone and Horney Hill?
9. Mario d'Agata has just become a World Champion. At what sport?
10. And who did he succeed?

(Answers See Page 17).



Australia's Ken Rosewall drops to one knee in disgust after missing an easy shot from America's Vic Seixas in their semi-final of the Wimbledon Tennis Championships Men's Singles on July 4. Rain interrupted this match at one-all and Rosewall was leading 5-4 in the third set.

When play was resumed the Australian romped home to win 6-3, 3-6, 6-8, 6-3, 7-5 only to lose to his countryman, Lew Hoad in the final with scores of 6-2, 4-6, 7-5, 6-4. —Reuterphoto.



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# I TALK TO THE RUSSIAN WHO HAS A TENNIS ARMY OF 39,000 PLAYERS

He arrived in London recently as a tourist, and, before returning home, he will have affiliated Russia's 39,000 players with the International Federation. They can then play in tournaments all over the world, and enter for the Davis Cup.

in a cleft behind the batsman  
at wicket bowlers hurl the ball  
for a nick.  
In the two Tests so far this  
year 38 catches have been  
taken, and 34 of them were  
made by

Balsmen are to blame. They would use their feet to hit the ball. They all suffer from new-ball neurosis—all, that is, except Ritchie Benaud. Robert Burns never saw a cricket match in his life, but he had the right words to describe our tinorous modern balsmen:

H<sub>2</sub>! ooh! I backward cast  
 my e'e  
 (Th) prospects drear,  
 Ag<sub>1</sub> forward, tho' I canna see  
 I guess an' fear!  
 H<sub>2</sub> was talking, by the way,

### NOVEL IDEA

They sold for 10¢ little green tag each state.

"Top badge, on production, entitles the holder to a day's game at this club on any one day (Monday to Friday)."

None of the many thousands

who had claimed their round of golf, so I'm told. But what a hypocritical nation we are!

Last April the courts found that a park where a motorcycle scramble was held on a Sunday was "a disorderly place."

The law says you can pay to look at a museum, cinema or concert, zoo or botanical garden on Sunday, but you're a criminal if it's sports.

• • •

Inst. Johnson, Australia's Test

The reason being that, after two months, he has compelled us to accept his sensible proposal that Australia's aim is to win the world's cup.

England, not the County Cham-  
pionship from Surrey.  
Accordingly, it must be  
upset for him to reflect that  
whatever his players do be-  
tween tests, nine of them were  
good enough to draw the first

It has told Miller and Co. to ~~his~~ have a good time before the third test it is only because he knows he can get a lot of hard work from them at Leeds. And ~~is~~ this gentle philosophy he ~~has~~ sound judgement.

He now puts himself on to bowl infrequently and goes in to bat so unobtrusively that you may think he wants to equal Plum Warner's 1911-12 record as non-playing captain. But it's Johnson's one shining

quality which I admire—he is 100 per cent proof against shock.

Having hastily forecast that he would win the Ashes, I wish I were fool

(COPYRIGHT)

MRB LEAF SAID IT AS IF IT WAS NEW...

I'M GONNA GO TO BUY  
SOME PANTIES AND A BRA  
SALE!

# CHAMPIONSHIP IS STILL ANYBODY'S CHOICE— I STILL FANCY SURREY

by Barry Appleby

URGENT! THAT'S CHEATING

YOU DELIBERATELY DISTRACTED MY ATTENTION

So Tender and Tasty.

AND THEN SHE HAD THE  
CHICKEN TO TELL ME THAT I  
HAD COPIED HER DRESS

AND WASN'T

MRS LEAF SAID IT  
AS IF IT WAS NEW...  
I WIN

GEORGE! THAT'S CHEATING

YOU DELIBERATELY  
DISTRACTED MY ATTENTION  
BY LETTING ME GO ON  
CHATTERING

COME INTO THE SHOP WITH ME

SALE

COME INTO THE SHOP WITH ME

COME INTO THE SHOP WITH ME

**TODAY**

**Now**

1st Division: Recrelo v HRC  
"Gold" FC v CC, KCC v KDGC.  
HRC Blue v TC.

2nd Division: Recrelo v USRC,  
CCC v BCC, FC v PHC, HKCC v  
KDC "B", KDC "W" v KCC.

3rd Division: HKFC v CCC, HRC  
v FC, KDGC v KCC, PHC v HKPSA.

4th Division: KDGC v CCC  
"Red", FC v KDC, USRC v FC,  
KCC "Yellow" v TC, CCC "Yellow"  
v KCC "Red".

**Walking**

Walk around the Island by W.  
Van der Goea, Start Shek-O, 8 p.m.

Jim Spooner, Essex Beagles, had to work hard for his Universities Athletic Union 220 yards championship title. He won in 9.9 secs. to equal the Southgate 10 year old track record, but the other five starters all beat the gun and the starter could not recall them because his pistol jammed. Although Spooner was the only non-offender the race was re-run 15 minutes later and Jim was again successful, this time in 10.4 secs.

A great future is predicted for yet another member of the Edrich brotherhood. He is Bill's youngest brother John, and he is qualified for Surrey for whose second eleven he has been making a lot of runs. Coach Andy Sandham says he is an England player of the future. For the present he is doing his National Service in the Army with the 20 Coy. RASC at Regents Park, London.

Hints Sports Club were dismissed for one run by Tolson. In the Birmingham Works League, Oscar Collins took seven wickets for no runs and Don Richardson the other three for the one run. When Tolson made that run their batsmen tried to sneak a single immediately after and one of them was run out. Success went to their heads!

Lance/Bombardier Brian Whitcher of Field Wing, Depot RA, Woolwich, won the Army Individual 100 miles Road Time Trial Cycling Championship in a time of 4 hrs. 22 mins. 32 secs, from Cpl Don Gilder, of 1 Trg Hgt, Royal Signals, who was 4 mins 22 sec. behind. Third was Pte Bert Wild, of 17 Coy, RAOC, a further 7 secs. in arrears. There were 80 starters and 65 finished. The Inter-Unit event was won by 4 Trg Regt, RE.

Manager Ralph Carter has le  
it be known that he will star  
Leeds United's return season  
the First Division with John  
Charles at centre forward.  
Bobby Charlton will take the  
place of the Welsh International  
giant at centre-half.

# BRITISH *and Best*



# ALLSOPPS

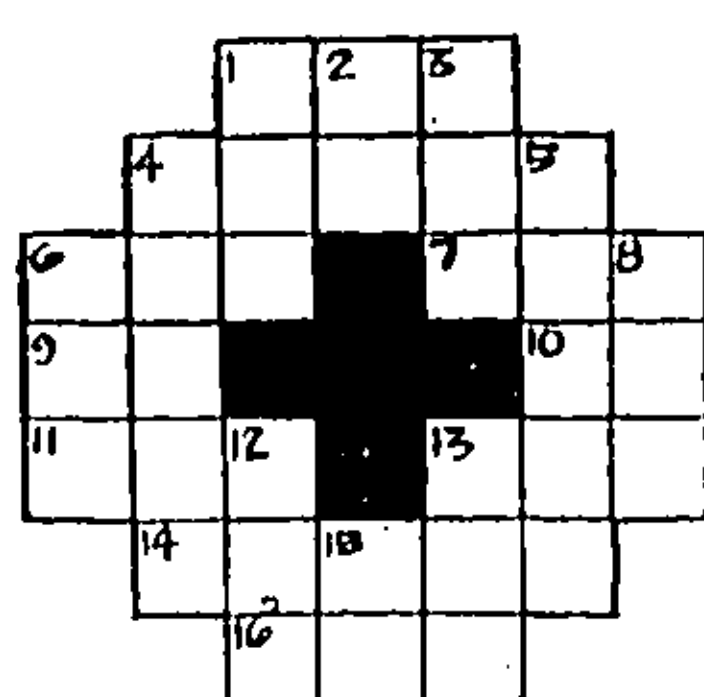
**BRITISH LAGER BEER**  
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# FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

## YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

### CROSSWORD



- ACROSS
- Beat paddle
  - Waste
  - Qualified
  - Fortile
  - Father
  - Compass point
  - Before
  - Dined
  - Wrongdoing
  - Snake

### DOWN

- Tenth month (ab.)
- Army reserve (ab.)
- Knock
- Bowling term
- Nuisance
- Mime
- Golfers' mound
- Uncle Tom's friend
- High mountain
- Exels

### HIDDEN TREES

The Puzzlemaster has hidden a tree in each of these sentences. Their names may make up parts of more than one word, but the letters are in relation. Can you find them?

You will own happiness if you have friends.  
Let a king come riding by.  
Completion of the vessel made everybody happy.  
The old map led them to the lost city.

### COUNTRY SQUARE

Seven countries have been hidden in this square. You can find them in relation by picking the right starting point and then reading each letter either up, down, backward or forward (that is diagonally).

A	L	G	R	W	A
N	D	N	O	I	Y
R	F	E	N	T	A
A	N	C	E	Y	L
T	E	E	D	S	M
H	N	N	E	W	U
E	A	N	B	E	I
R	L	D	S	L	G

### GRAB BAG

The Puzzlemaster has mixed up his words. Can you grab the right pairs of words from the list?

SACK — HAMMER  
PEN — SAUCER  
SHOE — BAG  
AXE — CRATE  
CASE — PENCIL  
CUP — BOOT

### TRIANGLE

This week's word triangle hangs from SEIGNE. The second word is "to rub out", third "proportion", fourth "a compass point", and fifth short for "northeast". Try completing the triangle.

S E I G N E  
E  
R  
E  
N  
E  
E

(Solutions on Page 20)

## Take The Cat From The Well

YOU can have a lot of fun with your friends with the cat-in-the-well puzzle. Few will be able to solve it until you show them how.

This is the puzzle. There is an old well long since gone dry. It is 100 feet deep. A very valuable prize cat has fallen in the well and is still alive at the bottom of the well. The owner of the cat wants to rescue the cat but all he has is a ladder 25 feet long and a piece of rope 25 feet long. How can he get the cat out of the well?

Here's how. Take a pencil and a piece of paper and draw the well and then put an X at the bottom to indicate the cat. Erase the X indicating the cat and say, "The only way to get the cat out of the well is to rub him out."

### AN ADVENTURE POEM

## Benjamin's Moon Flight

By PROFESSOR DISMAS

Benjamin Beauregard Braddock Baboon  
Was searching for clues by the light of the moon.  
When he chanced to look up,  
And beheld with a frown  
A curious, spurious face  
Looking down.

But Benjamin Beauregard Braddock was brave,  
And wise to the tricks of the trickiest knave;  
So the very next day, at a quarter till noon,  
The bold sleuth began his long trip to the moon.

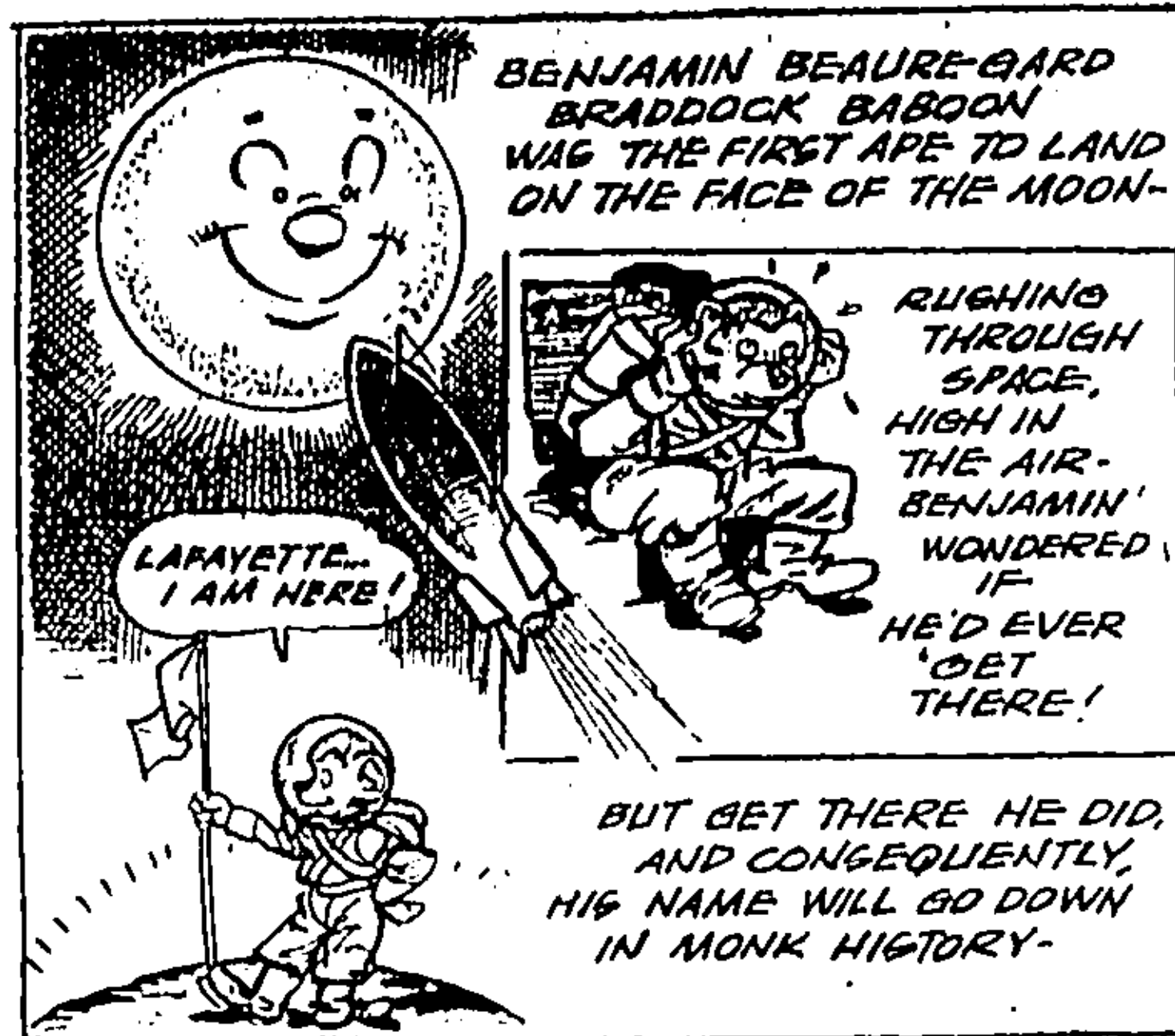
Now Benjamin Beauregard Braddock well knew  
That his rocket was aging,  
As well as his crew;  
But for many and many a long sleepless night  
Brave Benjamin kept his objective in sight.

He questioned his wisdom, but alas and alack,  
He felt it was simply too late to turn back.  
His conscience reproved him.  
You blundering boob!  
You would go off chasing the man in the moon!

You, Benjamin Beauregard, are a disgrace!  
To yourself, and your crew, and the whole monkey race.  
And Benjamin B., well aware of his plight,  
Agreed that his chances were certainly slight.

But the man in the moon had a wicked old eye;  
He knew he would cheat, and he guessed he would lie.  
Benjamin Beauregard's face became grim.  
Yes, the man in the moon was a challenge to him.

Yet the closer he came to that curious face  
The more he was tempted to give up the chase.  
But the more he was tempted, the more he could hate;  
So he fled in his teeth, when he said to his mate



"I think you had best keep this under your hat,  
But tomorrow, or next day, or the day after that  
We should certainly land."  
Then, as onward they sped,  
The mate, in high spirits,  
Relayed what he said.

For Benjamin Beauregard knew in his heart  
That the flimsy old rocket was falling apart.  
Their chances, if any, were woefully slim.  
All hope of survival depended on him.

So he grieved for his mates, and he grieved for his wife,  
Who would grieve for himself to the end of her life.  
And he grieved for the sons he was leaving behind;  
He prayed to his fathers, "Oh, sirs, be kind!"

His lord told him kindly to tell them the truth;  
He thought of their dreams, and their misguided youth;  
He thought of their errors, their ill-chosen goals;  
And he told them the truth for the good of their souls.

But he soon realized, as he talked on and on,  
That his mates had deserted him. Where had they gone?

Poor Benjamin lifted his miserable head,  
And heard his mates shouting, and wished he were dead.

Then the shouts turned to cheers, and he half understood  
That something had happened, for evil or good.  
"Three cheers!" someone shouted, and when they were through,  
"A toast to our Captain!" cried one of the crew.

"A toast to our Captain!" His old eyes grew dim.  
Oh, would they be, could they be speaking of him?  
They entered his cabin, they lifted him high;  
He was suddenly weeping, but did not know why.

Just how it all happened, he never quite knew,  
But it was delightfully, frightfully true!  
He, Benjamin Beauregard Braddock Baboon,  
Had landed his craft on the tip of the moon!

But the evil, boll-weevil old face he had seen  
Was nowhere in sight; for his vision was keen,  
And no one—but no one—could well disappear  
When Benjamin Beauregard Braddock was near!

So they played for the summer, and into the fall;  
Then they zoomed back to earth with no trouble at all.  
Where, hailed as great heroes, they settled back down,  
With their wives and their children, in a cat-nappy town.

"Some day," said the Captain, "I just might return,  
But for the dull present, I've money to burn.  
My life is a good one; I'm doing all right."  
And he meant it sincerely. But one fatal night.

Our brave Captain Henry B. Braddock Baboon  
Was searching for clues by the light of the moon.  
When he chanced to look up, and beheld with a frown,  
A curious, spurious face looking down.

But Benjamin Beauregard Braddock was wise  
To the tricks of those tricky, come-icky old eyes.  
So the ully old sleuth gave a sly little wink,  
And the wicked old rascal winked back—so we think!

## New Trend In Stamp Designs

THERE is a major move nowadays to get away from the traditional designs on stamps. For many countries, pictures of kings and queens and parliament buildings are things of the past. The designers concentrate, instead, on sports, fish, animals and often on the farm produce which the good earth of their land brings forth.

Take the case of Hungary, for instance. It is a giant stride from the dim old stamps of



palaces and peasants which the Hungarians issued in the 1920s to the lush set depicting fruit they have put out now.

In this set, there are apples gleaming red and yellow, grapes a luscious green, tomatoes that make you think it's salad time and apricots, which make your mouth water so well are the stamps printed.

Certainly, the Hungarian designers and printers are far ahead of those in any other Iron Curtain land. They have a flair for originality.

I asked one of London's biggest stamp dealers what the reason may be for the switch from the old traditional themes to the novel and colorful new designs.

He, a shrewd businessman, replied that in the lower price ranges the colorful stuff sold better. Not everyone can afford high-value British colonials. But for a few pence new collectors can gain experience and have fun with gay issues such as the new Hungarians. They are litho-printed; perforated 12 and a part-set of five costs 1/6d. in London. —J. A. A.

## A DELIGHTFUL SPORT

UNDERWATER swimming is a simple and delightful sport. You need no expensive equipment.

A pair of water goggles or a face mask will protect your eyes. You don't even need the rubber flippers. Later, if you think they help, you can buy a pair of them.

I started my underwater swimming in a pool. That's the best place to begin. Try going the width at first. There are two important things you must learn. First, is to be able to estimate the time you can hold your breath.

★ ★ ★

You must remember that you have no other supply of oxygen except that in your lungs. Have a friend time you when you are underwater. Then compare your time estimate with the stop watch. When you dive off a boat and go underwater, you must allow time for yourself to come to the surface.

The second thing is to learn to swim well. Every stroke must count. You want to get the most out of your energy. The purpose of a leg or hand motion is to propel you through the water. Your task is to eliminate all unnecessary motions.

After you have been able to swim the width of the pool at least twice underwater, try the length. At the same time you want to be able to go higher and lower in the water. When you



can do all this, then try your underwater swimming at the beach.

You can use a spear gun and try your hand at underwater fishing. But as a safety measure, check on other swimmers in the vicinity. You do not want to hurt anybody with your spear.

Or you can explore the bottom of a shallow section of the beach. Be certain there are no fast motorboats around.

★ ★ ★

Never try this sport alone. You always want somebody in the area to spot any dangerous approaching obstacle. It could be a boat, driftwood, or another person.

If you can rig up a waterproof box for your camera, then you can try to take some underwater pictures. You can also dive for shells and stones.

—By Harold Gluck

## The Walking Goldfish

—He Got Tired of Swimming Round and Round—

By MAX TRELL

GENERAL TIN, the tin soldier, was so busy polishing his musket (the one he always kept over his shoulder) that he didn't even notice Knarf and Hand, the shadow children with the turned-about names, coming up to him.

"General Tin! Hi!" Knarf said several times.  
Finally he noticed them.  
"How do you do?" he said.  
"General Tin," said Hand, "you've kept lots of pets, haven't you?"

### Parrots And Lions

General Tin nodded. "I've kept monkeys and kangaroos and parrots and lions and cats and butterflies and—"

"Did you ever keep goldfish?" Hand said.

General Tin looked a little surprised. It was just for a moment. Then he smiled.  
"Goldfish? Ah yes, certainly. I kept goldfish. They were my favorite pets. Once I had a goldfish named Walking Willy."

"Walking Willy?" exclaimed Knarf in astonishment. "That's a funny name for a goldfish."

"Indeed, it is," General Tin agreed. "But it was a funny goldfish. It always wanted to take a walk."

"I never heard of such a thing," said Knarf.

### Little Aquarium

"Well," said General Tin, "you could hardly blame him for wanting to take a walk. There he was, in a little aquarium staring near the window. He could look out and see the garden and watch the birds flying, the crickets hopping, the butterflies fluttering, the snails crawling and the children running. And all he could do was to swim round and round his little aquarium."

"So he got tired of it after swimming round and round it for three or four years. And all he could think of was how much fun it would be to jump out and take a walk."

"Every time he heard anyone saying, 'I'm just going for a little walk down the street,' he'd dash up and down. I could see his mouth opening and shutting, as though he were trying to speak."

"And the curious thing was," General Tin went on, "he was trying to speak. One day, I put my ear close to the glass side of Willy's aquarium and listened."

"What was he saying?" Knarf asked eagerly.

### Willy's Wish

"He was saying, 'Willy wants to walk. Willy wants to walk.' Naturally, I was surprised. It was not only the first time I'd ever heard a goldfish speak, but the first time I'd



ever heard a goldfish saying he wanted to take a walk!

"Well, I tried to tell him that was impossible. I shook my head. I put my mouth close to the glass and called to the goldfish, 'You can't walk. He was terribly disappointed.'"

"On!" said General Tin, "he went and swam under a plan in the corner of his aquarium and wouldn't come out for three days—except for meals. But on day he did take a walk."

"He did, General Tin," exclaimed Hand in surprise.

### To The Grocer's

"Yes, he did. I was marching to the grocer's to buy a pound of butter when all at once I heard a flip-flop, flip-flop behind me. I knew it wasn't a dog or a cat. Dogs go pat-pat-pat-pat and cats go pit-pit-pit-pit. So I glanced over my shoulder and sure enough it was my goldfish Willy, walking behind me, with his head up and his eyes shining and his tail flapping in the breeze."

"What did you do?" cried Knarf.

General Tin smiled. "Ah, I did a very clever thing. I knew I couldn't last very long outside the water, so I shouted, 'Follow me, Willy!' And I ran as fast as I could to the pond. An then suddenly I jumped in and Willy jumped in right after me."

### Into The Pond

"And that was the end of his walk—into the pond and away. That was the last I ever saw of Walking Willy, the Goldfish. He been in that big, roomy pond ever since!"

"Do you think he ever came out and took a walk sometime late at night?" Knarf asked.

General Tin shrugged. "Perhaps he does. One night, I thought I heard someone flapping and flapping outside my window. It might have been a frog."

"It was Walking Willy, wasn't it?"

"Naturally, I was surprised. It was not only the first time I'd ever heard a goldfish speak, but the first time I'd

## IS THE COYOTE A KILLER OR A HELPER?

NOW you see him, now you don't!

Anywhere on the plains or in the broad valleys west of the Rockies, you may see a lean, tawny creature, looking like a half-starved collie, trotting through the sagebrush. But not for long!

No doubt he has seen you long before you saw him, and if you come any closer, he disappears into a gully, or makes like a pile of brush. He can vanish just as completely by standing perfectly still. That is how the coyote, "smartest varmint alive," as western ranchers say, manages to remain a pest.

Although a lone wolf, he knows how to work with his mate. Fleet of foot, he can outrun most dogs. He has been clocked by cars at 40 miles an hour, but he doesn't gallop like that very long.

His mate hides while he leads the dogs in a great circle until she is near enough to take over. She then leaps forth for her lap in the relay. And the dogs are left so far behind they forget what they are chasing.

Don coyotes be fond of serenading in his sad way. A more mournful sound you never heard. Try sounding his name in two syllables instead of three. Hang onto that first syllable (pronounced ki) in a high-pitched,



In this rare photo, you see a coyote watching an antelope.

long, drawn-out tone, and finish with a sort of choking sob on the yote. You may get the general idea of his song.

When you hear such a sound on a dark, windy night you will be glad to be beside your own fireside, whether in camp or ranch house.

Because he has been known to kill sheep, calves, pigs, and chickens, livestock owners from California to Kansas do their best to get rid of him. They use traps and poison as well as dogs and guns.

But this breed will not die. Some say that there are some two million of these artful dodgers roving the brush and pasture land. A few have even ventured east of the Mississippi.

River and have been found in New York State.

And yet, from the findings of naturalists, he would seem to be the rancher's friend. He disposes of more harmful pests and dead animals than he does of livestock. To put it another way: for less than 10 cents the rancher gets a dollar's worth of clean-up in his fields by this scavenger of the sage-brush.

—By Mark Wilcox

## What's On The Menu?

Each question in the little puzzle below may be answered with the name of some food.

- What food is found on every calendar?
- What is an angry goat?
- What is C with a big point?
- What is a pie with the end knocked off?
- What stays hot in the refrigerator?

(Answers on Page 20)

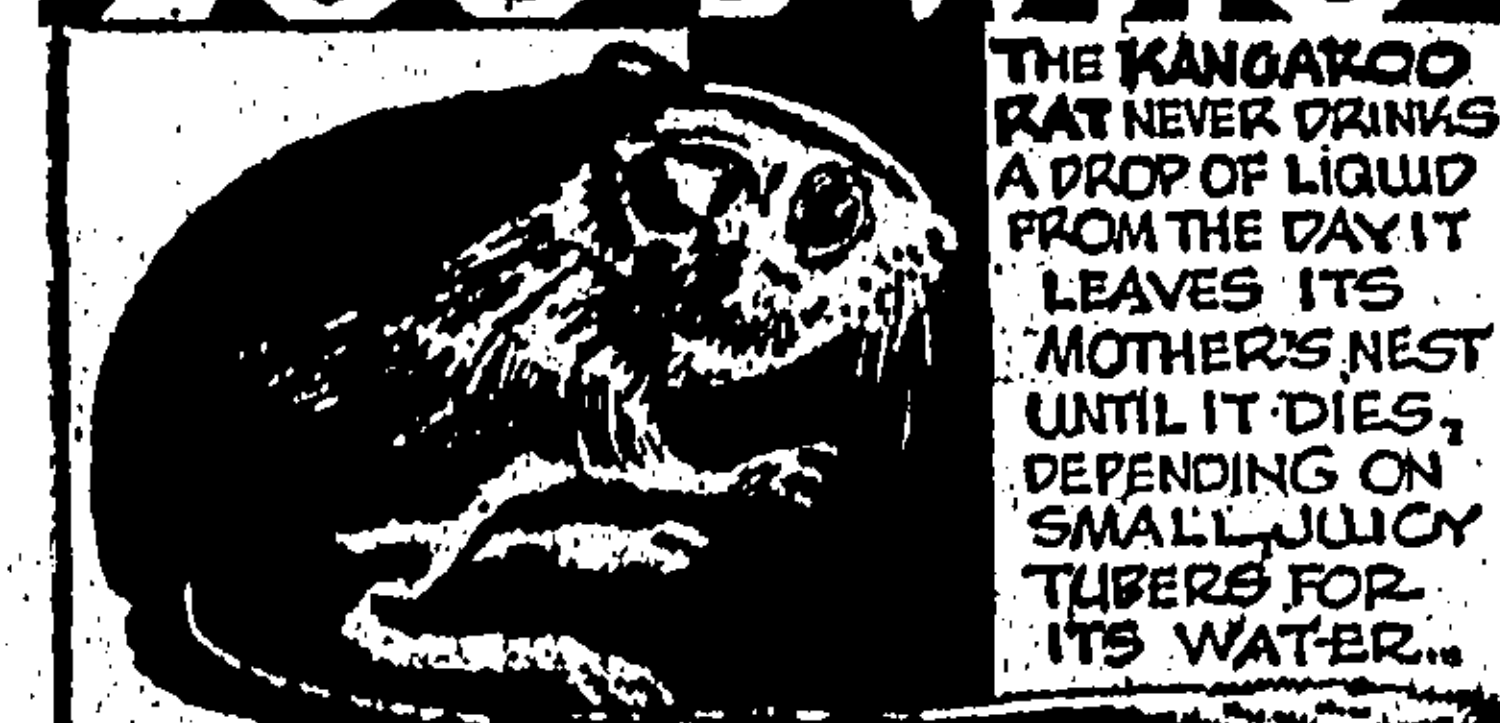
## Rupert and the Fire Bird-9



Followed by more and more birds Rupert runs across the Common to Pong-Ping's house, and at the bridge he is met by the little Peking who is waving a piece of parchment in great excitement. "Is the egg safe?" he cries. "Good! Thank you, I knew it."

was real! I've searched among my old books and, look! this tells us all about it! The hand over the parchment and clutches the precious egg in delight. But you, noodle, how do you expect me to read this? Rupert laughs. 'It's all in Chinese!'

## LOOK WHO



MORE THAN 40,000 PERSONS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD DIE EACH YEAR FROM SNAKE BITES.







